

PERIODICAL ROOM  
GENERAL LIBRARY  
UNIV. OF MICH.

SEP 26 1927

# THE COMMONWEAL

*A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts,  
and Public Affairs.*

Wednesday, September 28, 1927

---

WILLA CATHER'S MASTERPIECE

Michael Williams

THE ASCENT OF MAN

Bertram C. A. Windle

THE VOLTA CENTENARY

James J. Walsh

THE CALL OF THE WILD

*An Editorial*

---

Ten Cents a Copy

Five Dollars a Year

Volume VI, No. 21

# New York Chapter Knights of Columbus Schools

799 SEVENTH AVENUE at 52nd STREET

*Open to All—Men and Women*

*EVENING HIGH SCHOOL*—Chartered by State Board of Regents, and empowered to grant a College Entrance Diploma, and a Regents' Qualifying Certificate, upon successful completion of four years' work.

*SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY*—Offering the *Walton Course in Accountancy, Business Law and Economics*. Each semester is 17 weeks. Two semesters a year.

### *DAY AND EVENING BUSINESS SCHOOL*

Stenographic, Secretarial and Bookkeeping Courses, Advertising, Business Law, Business English, Commercial Arithmetic, Insurance, Plan Reading and Estimating, Public Speaking, Real Estate, and Salesmanship.

*IF YOU, ANY MEMBER OF YOUR FAMILY OR ANY OF YOUR FRIENDS, (MEN or WOMEN), ARE INTERESTED in any of these courses, KINDLY USE COUPON below and FULL INFORMATION WILL BE SENT YOU.*

Name .....

Address .....

Interested in ..... (Name of Study)

N. Y. Chapter K. of C. Schools, 799-7th Avenue, N. Y. (Smt)

Vo  
 —  
 T  
 W  
 Pr  
 Re  
 W  
 T  
 M  
 T  
 Sh

A  
 tract  
 on hi  
 is on  
 that  
 press  
 A. D  
 recog  
 ing n  
 On  
 cett,  
 wilds  
 engin  
 for tv  
 aging  
 in the  
 cidin  
 it.  
 Co  
 of pu  
 dition  
 place  
 not p  
 phies  
 word

# THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts,  
and Public Affairs.

Volume VI

New York, Wednesday, September 28, 1927

Number 21

## CONTENTS

|                                 |                          |                          |   |     |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|---|-----|
| The Call of the Wild.....       | 483                      | Agentia Fides .....      | John J. Considine   | 498 |
| Week by Week.....               | 485                      | The Volta Centenary..... | James J. Walsh  | 499 |
| Prohibition and Politics.....   | 488                      | The Play .....           | R. Dana Skinner   | 500 |
| Retreating to Catch Up.....     | 489                      | Poems.....               | Margaret Widdemer, Raymond<br>Kresensky, Edith Cherrington, Glenn<br>Ward Dresbach, L. M. Montgomery,<br>Edward H. Pfeiffer               | 502 |
| Willa Cather's Masterpiece..... |                          | Books....                | Brother Leo, Francis A. Tondorf,<br>Thomas Walsh, Edwin Clark, Catherine<br>Radziwill, Grenville Vernon, Ambrose<br>Farley, Martha Bayard | 503 |
|                                 | Michael Williams         |                          |   |     |
| The Ascent of Man..             | Bertram C. A. Windle     |                          |   | 509 |
| Music in the Movies.....        |                          | The Quiet Corner .....   |   |     |
|                                 | Frances Taylor Patterson |                          |   |     |
| The Philosophy of Contrast..... |                          |                          |   |     |
|                                 | Francis P. Donnelly      |                          |   |     |
| Shepherds ( <i>verse</i> )..    | Dorothy Frances Gurney   |                          |   |     |

## THE CALL OF THE WILD

AN OLD Spanish proverb tells us that there are three things in life which will never fail to attract public notice: "a priest on horseback, a soldier on his knees, or a saint married to a sinner." This is only an epigrammatic fashion of stating a truth that those who make up front pages in our major press have never, since the famous dictum of Charles A. Dana anent the man and the dog, been slow to recognize, namely, the importance of paradox in giving news value.

On the face of it, the story of Colonel P. H. Fawcett, the British explorer recently "discovered" in the wilds of Brazil, "near the River of Doubt," by an engineer of the country, after being lost to the world for two years, is one which it is easy to imagine a managing editor weighing, not once, but twice or thrice, in the scales of comparative worthwhileness before deciding what measure of hospitality should be accorded it.

Colonel Fawcett is obscure. No particular flourish of publicity accompanied the setting out of his expedition, which was "to search for an ancient lost city, placed somewhere in Matto Grosso territory." It is not pretended that he brought to light any tombs, trophies, or vestiges of a vanished civilization. In a word, it is not the colonel's discoveries, but his atti-

tude on regaining contact with the world, that gave his story the Danaesque element of paradox, and secured for the Associated Press dispatch from Lima a consensus from our major organs that it was "front-page material." For the colonel does not want to be brought back. He is quite satisfied with the locality to which the mischance of a lost road and malaria has consigned him, and sees nothing extravagant or reprehensible in his desire of living out what span of years are left him in a spot that could not be more remote if the moon, and not Matto Grosso, had been his goal. "Life is easy there," the dispatch goes on, "with plenty of water and cattle. Being far from civilization and the daily struggles and problems which man must face and sometimes fight in order not to starve, the white man easily becomes fascinated with the primitive life, free from any limitation."

The story of the British hermit-explorer, shouldered out of attention as it is sure to be in a few days by some tragedy in the air, or the test as to which of two bulky organisms can support most punishment in a given time, is likely to have a short life. It is on account of the reverberations that it may and should arouse in the minds of the thoughtful, therefore, rather than on account of its intrinsic interest, that we deal with it in the brief space which a leading

article in this review affords. The exact warmth of the welcome Colonel Fawcett extended to the party which came to connect him up afresh with the society he had left is a matter of personal and private concern. Rather more important is the nature of the reactions which his challenge is likely to set in motion here and there in a world which is dedicated to a daily fight in order to maintain its economic foothold.

It is only once or twice in the course of a hundred years that the misanthrope, the man or woman to whom human fellowship makes less than no appeal, and in whose mind all that humanity has painfully acquired resolves itself into the primal necessities of food, shelter and mating, gets a chance to make a gesture that attracts attention to his unfaith. We may be very reasonably certain that the story of Colonel Fawcett is repeated fairly often, and that the world at large would be surprised if some census of hermits could reveal the large proportion of human beings who, under one obscure form or another, have made up their minds that the civilization game is not worth the civilization candle, and who act accordingly. Comte Gobineau, in the course of his travels through Australia, Canada and the deserts of eastern Europe, professed to have met with a great many, mostly of British birth, and ascribed the phenomenon to some eccentricity, or what might be called "kink," in the Anglo-Saxon temperament. Mr. Wells lays down the theory, not so extravagant when it is thought over a little, that man, far from being a social being, is by nature the most unsocial of all the carnivora, and that most of the fret and fury with which the world is filled is the result of maintaining an unnatural relation.

Theorists and cranks are a race whose conclusions are important chiefly to themselves. The armature of society is by now so established that those who break through it from time to time only serve to draw fresh attention to its solidity. The tendency of mankind to act in groups that draw nearer together as time passes is so evident that prophets of ill are to be found who deplore an ebb in individual character as its outcome. No danger is so frequently indicated by thinkers and teachers of authority as the danger in which our life stands of standardization. They foresee a final resolution of humanity into types rather than individuals, with a corresponding loss of the elasticity upon which social betterment depends. To affect to see, in face of all this growing rigidity and mechanization of life, any possible threat of a reversion to the primitive, seems, at first sight, almost as absurd a gesture as that of the British truant who thumbs his nose at society from the wilds of Brazil.

And it would be so, were it not that at the door of every human being, as easy of access as his front yard, lies a territory far greater and wilder than *Matto Grosso*. One may call it by any name he pleases, "behaviorism," "the sub-conscious," or even that outworn term "conscience." Roads have been cut through it with infinite toil and trouble, but no real chart ex-

ists giving a clue to the recesses which persist to right and left of them, and which wayfarers wilfully astray have whitened with their bones as well as blackened with their camp-fires. And when the stringency or dullness of the straight road is found too irksome, it is unfortunately, to this wilderness, where no earthly warrant runs, that the rebel is turning more and more for relief. It is in its fastnesses that most of the moral revolts have been hatched, which, after a brief and half-hearted resistance, now find the bars of the written word let down before them. It is from gyp-sying in its thickets that the mature hobbledoys who write our new fiction and who have neither the character nor the courage to blaze a way through that would let light and air in upon the jungle, return to tell us of their discoveries, and to whet the general appetite for shoddy adventure. Doubtless the monotony, the lassitude that follows on an intense devotion to the material ends of life, must be held accountable for much of this sick obsession with the primitive, whether it be the tailored savagery of Harlem, the "far niente" of Gaugin's South Seas, or the animalism of the Congo. It is here, at least, that Mr. Albert Jay Nock, in a jeremiad written for the September issue of Harper's Magazine upon the blight that has fallen on the American novel, believes he locates it. After referring to a raid upon a mid-western charlatan in whose house "the police discovered hundreds of letters from people who were burdened with intolerable tedium, which they declared they would do anything in the world to escape, 'if only he would advise them how,'" Mr. Nock decides that:

"This art" (of the novel) requires great subjects; and the life about us does not provide them. . . . Our civilization, rich and varied as it may be, is not interesting; its general level falls too far below the experience set by the collective experience of mankind. If one points with pride to our endless multiplication of the mechanics of existence, and our incessant unintelligent occupation with them, the artist replies that with all this he can do nothing."

Undeniably the duty incumbent upon those who, to paraphrase slightly a saying of Gilbert Chesterton's, "care enough for civilization to see that everyone has his share," is a reinterpretation of what men have achieved in terms that will reach not only self-interest but the secret places of the heart. Man is never left helpless or disarmed in face of his problems, new and unprecedented as they may seem. All the motives that have driven him in the past to enterprises in which material ends had no share, exist somewhere, waiting to be rediscovered and translated into action. That they will be liberated by anyone convinced in his mind of the ultimate value of the "mechanics of existence" seems to us unlikely. Yet not so unlikely as that the predestined prophet will be one who has already sought and found his own emancipation in some metaphysical *Matto Grosso*, and released his complexes on the banks of any Circean river of doubt.

## THE COMMONWEAL

Published weekly and copyrighted 1927, in the United States by the Calvert Publishing Corporation, Grand Central Terminal, New York, N. Y.



MICHAEL WILLIAMS, Editor

Assistant Editors

THOMAS WALSH

MARY KOLARS

HENRY LONGAN STUART

GEORGE N. SHUSTER

JOHN F. McCORMICK, Business Manager

Editorial Council

T. LAWRASON RIGGS

JAMES J. WALSH

CARLTON J. H. HAYES

R. DANA SKINNER

BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

United States: \$5.00  
Canada: 5.50

Foreign: \$6.00  
Single Copies: .10

### WEEK BY WEEK

**D**EFINITE withdrawal of William Gibbs McAdoo as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for President next year has won general commendation, not only because it should go far to clear the whole situation as members of the party prepare for the selection of a standard-bearer, and to dispel all fear of another inconclusive and disastrous clash at the convention, but because, as Mr. McAdoo desires, it will focus attention on policies and principles rather than on personalities. It may be taken for granted that, in stepping aside himself, the former Secretary of the Treasury has no desire to injure the chances of any other candidate; suggestion that he would have any part in plans of this kind is an insult to one who has shown that his one wish is to do all in his power to rehabilitate a great party. That party will gain in prestige only if it advances policies and principles which are sound and constructive, and nominates a candidate who has a record showing that these are the principles which have guided him in the past and the policies which he has made his own by performance according to the opportunities he has made in his public career. Such a man would be the logical candidate, and the only candidate, for whom the withdrawal of Mr. McAdoo would be made worth while; he would be the candidate clearly indicated by the specifications of ideals and service that the former Secretary submits.

**T**HESSE are the days when leading newspapers in all parts of the country are sending out political scouts to report on conditions and tendencies in the

various states, as Republicans and Democrats make preparations for next year's campaign for the Presidency. The returns published up to the present differ in many particulars, but there is one point on which there seems to be general agreement—the bitterness of religious antagonisms which caused much factional strife in both of the major parties four years ago has been considerably allayed. Mr. Richard V. Oulahan, the traveling correspondent of the New York Times, has remarked on this change more than once in his letters from points in the South and Middle-West; but in a dispatch from Knoxville, he is obliged to announce that Tennessee is an exception to the general rule. "Religious prejudice is strong in this state," he reports, "especially in the rural districts. The prediction is freely made that, should Governor Smith of New York be nominated for President by the Democratic national convention, Tennessee will cast its electoral vote for the Republican electors." Since leading Republicans admit that only by division in the Democratic ranks can they hope to carry the state, those who are prepared to put bigotry ahead of principles to the extent of taking twelve electoral college votes from the party under whose emblem they are registered and putting them into the column of their political opponents if Governor Smith is chosen as the candidate, may expect to be regarded as traitors by the rank and file of the party they betray.

**T**HERE is general rejoicing in Canada that the dominion should have won a seat on the Council of the League of Nations. It is a dignity of which all Canadians are proud, for to be represented on the governing body of the League is regarded as the hallmark of power, as constituting full recognition of the importance of a country which is particularly jealous of its importance and its dignity. Whether the rejoicing in England is as general is another matter. Since the war, there has been less of the condescension formerly exhibited toward colonials, it is true; but there yet remain many in Great Britain who like to think of the daughter as still in the mother's house. These are pained to think that Our Lady of the Snows not only has set up her own establishment, but has reached a point where she insists on being regarded as her mother's equal, and on having an equal voice in all matters in which she and her mother possess a common interest, with the right, while still bound by affection, to disagree with that mother if the welfare of her own household demands it. But whatever may be the thought of these die-hards of the ancient tradition in Great Britain, in other countries there will be satisfaction at this new opportunity that has been seized for Canada to speak for herself. The old trick of British parliamentarians of finding excuse for procrastination and inaction by asserting that the dominion would have to be consulted before controverted decisions could be made, can no longer be worked.

IN ADDRESSING the American Club in Paris on the duty of his fellow-countrymen, living abroad, to show pride in their American citizenship, Mayor James Walker, of New York, remarked that it was not often that "Jimmie" Walker spoke in serious vein at a luncheon or dinner. Which is added reason for gratitude on the part of all real Americans that he chose this occasion to convey for them a message of importance in terms both definite and emphatic. It is well that those "who are red-hot Americans at home but become lukewarm Americans abroad" be told that they should be ashamed to walk the streets of Paris and look into the faces of those other Americans who have returned to France to establish a new union with the comrades for whom they offered service. It is well also that they be informed that their speech and their actions arouse nothing but disgust among the intelligent people of other nations among whom they live. Sometimes the visiting American of perfervid and too palpable patriotism is annoying, but the resentment which he evokes is tinged with amusement; whereas the antics of those who seek to belittle the citizenship which they disgrace, very justly invite pronounced and universal contempt.

THAT the loss of a number of transoceanic fliers within a brief space of time should have caused a demand in some quarters for government regulation and control of all overseas flights is not surprising. Sympathy for bereaved relatives, working with a lively imagination which visualized the successive tragedies, sought some immediate means of averting further disasters. Secretary Hoover, who, as head of the Department of Commerce, is charged with the regulation of commercial flying in the United States, thinks that more safeguards should be thrown around these air adventures, but that this can be done by some such body as the National Aeronautical Association, without direct interference by the government. The same conclusion is reached by Colonel Lindbergh, who, in calling attention to the fact that, for several years following the first ascents of the Wright brothers, any overland flight was more dangerous than a transoceanic flight today, makes a timely and sensible suggestion. He proposes that all prizes offered for future expeditions be given for work in developing greater safety in overseas travel, and not for speed or distance covered. He also calls attention to one matter which should receive the consideration of any supervisory body: the necessity of insistence on a thoroughly trained personnel, which is of equal importance with perfection of plane and engine.

THE dinner given to the heads of the American Legion in the dining salon of the steamship Leviathan on the eve of their departure for the Legion convention in Paris was made, by one fact, an event of singular significance. It was the occasion of the delivery

of heartfelt tributes from a Republican Vice-President and a Republican general who more than once has been "mentioned" as a possible presidential nominee, to the conduct of the world war by a Democratic President and a Democratic Secretary of War. When Vice-President Dawes declared that the whole country had now come to a realization of the great war service of "our great war President, Woodrow Wilson, and our great war Secretary of War, Newton D. Baker," and warmly lauded their efforts to protect the army from political influence; and when General Pershing asserted that no Secretary of War in the whole history of America had ever coöperated so completely and so understandingly with the commanding general as Newton D. Baker, the cheers of the legionnaires were not all for the two leaders to whom the tributes were paid. They expressed also the admiration of the whole country for two others who, having served America in war time, now, in peace time, gave it an example of generous broad-mindedness and scorn of narrow partisanship.

IT WAS singularly fitting that the arrival in this country of the Most Reverend Francis Marchetti-Selvaggiani, secretary of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, should have been synchronous with the ceremonies at Maryknoll marking the departure for the Far East of sixteen missionaries of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. The archbishop, who hurried from the steamship landing to Ossining to participate in the exercises, brought word from Rome of an extension of the policy of the Holy See in relation to the field in which these missionaries will labor, which is of the utmost importance. It is especially important in view of the recent campaign in the Orient against what are regarded as the anti-national tendencies of certain missionary organizations with headquarters in the United States. "As last year the most important event for the Catholic missions was the consecration of six native Chinese bishops," he said, "so this year a great event will be the consecration of the first native Japanese bishop. The ceremony will be held in Saint Peter's on October 31, and the Holy Father himself will be the consecrator." The sixteen priests who have set out for China, Japan, Manchuria and Korea, go to these countries not to introduce American customs nor to establish American colleges, but to take the Faith to the people living there, and to foster it until such time as sufficient native clergymen shall have been trained and ordained to take over the administration of all the affairs of the Church in these countries.

ALTHOUGH Jean Marie Latour—the general figure in Willa Cather's memorable novel, *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, which is reviewed elsewhere in this number of *The Commonweal*—is, in the truest sense, a creation of Miss Cather, it would seem that

her  
Fren  
poin  
terr  
1850  
in 18  
secre  
dral,  
by F  
left  
Fath  
imita  
later  
for n  
velop

BIS  
wrot  
appa  
teres  
Wom  
letter  
recon  
ico, F  
today  
bette  
fare.  
Mexi  
the g  
recog  
him a  
line b  
ancie  
Rock  
Fathe  
Moun  
of its  
bronz  
of Sa  
have  
rials  
paint  
splen  
the ar  
in thi  
acters  
more

TH  
to der  
ership  
the F  
and I  
of th  
ures b  
branch  
1,000  
emplo  
every

her model was the Reverend John Baptist Lamy, a French priest of the Cincinnati diocese. He was appointed by Pope Pius IX vicar apostolic for the great territory of New Mexico, which was organized in 1850, having become a possession of the United States in 1848, following the war with Mexico. He was consecrated as a bishop in 1850 in Saint Peter's Cathedral, Cincinnati, by Archbishop Purcell. Accompanied by Father Joseph Projectus Machebeuf, Bishop Lamy left for his distant see shortly after the consecration. Father Machebeuf is evidently the model for the inimitable Father Vaillant of Miss Cather's book, for he later became the first bishop of Denver, after laboring for many years with Bishop Lamy in the religious development of the Southwest.

**BISHOP LAMY** was of a literary turn of mind and wrote a series of long and interesting letters which, apparently, must have fallen under Miss Cather's interested observation. A writer in the Catholic Women's News, Theodore A. Thoma, speaks of these letters, saying that, in them, Bishop Lamy faithfully recorded the mode of life of the people of New Mexico, painting pictures that still fit the New Mexico of today. "He proved himself a real missionary for the betterment of temporal affairs as well as spiritual welfare, and today his name is known throughout New Mexico as the father of horticulture, which is one of the greatest resources of the state. The state has recognized its debt to Bishop Lamy by naming after him a town on the Santa Fé Railroad, where the branch line begins to climb to the see city of Santa Fé, the ancient villa resting in the lap of the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, named by the early Franciscan Fathers the Sangre de Christo, or Blood of Christ Mountains. Santa Fé itself has rewarded the memory of its saintly bishop and archbishop with a life-size bronze statue which stands before the great Cathedral of Saint Francis." However much Miss Cather may have drawn upon Bishop Lamy's letters, these materials simply served her as clay serves the sculptor, or paint the artist; she herself breathing life into the splendid figure of her Bishop Latour. The alchemy of the artist in dealing with the material of his mystery—in this case the most stubborn of material, real characters and historical facts—has never, assuredly, been more triumphantly illustrated.

**THAT** American industry is not on the high road to democratization through the diffusion of stock ownership is shown by an analysis of the latest report of the Federal Trade Commission on National Wealth and Income, made by the department of social action of the National Catholic Welfare Conference. Figures based on a cross-section of industry in its chief branches in the United States disclose that, of every 1,000 holders of common stock, only seventy-five are employees, and that their holdings are only fifteen of every 1,000 shares. Nineteen of every 1,000 shares

of preferred stock are owned by workers in the concerns listed. Income-tax figures in the same government report, of which study has been made, show that even these holdings are largely in the hands of those in the higher paid positions, and that the rank and file of employees have small representation. So passes another myth which has furnished material to many imaginative writers for such magazines as are inspirational in intent, even if they cannot always be called exact in their revelation of realities.

**FROM** various parts of the country come reports of increasing activity on the part of the Lord's Day Alliance, and its determination to put into effect stringent blue laws wherever possible. In New York an endeavor will be made to get a new bill through the legislature, and in Washington the new Congress will be asked to pass a repressive measure for the District of Columbia. The activities of the extremists will not be unopposed. When state Senator Benjamin Antin, of one of the Bronx districts, was notified of the intentions of the Alliance, he replied: "As one of the legislators of this state who will have an opportunity to vote on any measure you advocate, I hasten to assure you that I shall fight these with all my strength and power. You speak of the increase of criminal statistics. We deplore these as much as you do. But any psychiatrist will tell you that the answer is not to be found in more blue laws. Has it never occurred to you that the place to wage war in order to reduce crime is on ignorance and poverty, on child labor and social injustice?" It probably has not; else would some of the fanatical advocates of righteousness by act of Congress have discovered long ago that, if they would do something to bring nearer to men the kingdom of God and His justice, much more of what they demand would be added unto them.

**ADDRESSING** the annual National Business Conference at Wellesley Hills last week, Roger Babson, the noted business statistician, called attention to an apparent paradox in commercial conditions in America today—the paradox of low interest rates and declining commodity prices. "The reason for this unusual situation," he said, "is that there is in the United States an excess of everything except religion. There is an excess of gold, which is the basic cause of present dangerous inflation; there is an excess of manufacturing capacity, which is the cause of present severe competition; there is an excess of copper, lumber, oil, coal, rubber and other raw materials, which is upsetting commodity prices." It is interesting to note some of the effects of an excess of everything except religion which the surveys of this recognized expert disclose. First, home building is on the wane, with a drop of 20 percent below last year in building permits, and every sign of still further decline next year. Second, one of the reasons for small profits is the low standard of efficiency, and here again no hope for improvement

in 1928 can be found in the latest statistics. Finally, the closest estimates of consumer buying-power for 1928 point to an average of from 5 percent to 10 percent under that of 1927.

IT IS not necessary to agree altogether with the sweeping criticism of the press made by Lord Hewart, the Lord Chief Justice of England, in his recent speech before the American Bar Association at Toronto, to follow the logic of his warning to those journals in which the editorial and news departments have become entirely subordinate to the business office. There are still newspapers in this country which give that great jury, the public, full and fair presentation of public affairs; there remain editorial pages on which may be found fair and enlightening comment which is helpful to the jury in weighing the significance of current events. But if there are dailies which, as the Chief Justice remarks, exist "simply to increase and inflame the already deplorable power of mere money in public affairs," one may well ask, with his lordship, why these "mere articles of trade" should expect the law to show any special tenderness for them or to treat them any differently than it would treat any other business organization whose sole mission is to make money for its officers and shareholders. Liberty of the press does not mean the license of special privilege in business methods; it should mean wider opportunity to exalt the business standards of the whole community.

IT IS to be hoped that, by the time these lines are cast into type, the mystery of the Smith baby will be solved. If the intention of the court to put the puzzle in the hands of the scientists is carried out, the parents of "George" may still be seeking an answer to it when they descend into their graves. On August 22 Mrs. Samuel Smith became a mother in a Cleveland hospital. For eight days she accepted the word of doctors and nurses that her child was a boy; she then discovered that the infant she was nursing was a girl. She demanded her son, and when a son was not forthcoming, her husband invoked the law, alleging that there had been substitution. The situation was not made any more simple by the fact that babies had arrived for two other couples of the name of Smith, in the same hospital, at about the same time. In the court of Common Pleas, where Mr. Samuel Smith went for redress, Judge Carl V. Weygandt, in confessing that he is no Solomon, announces that his chief hope is "the light of science,"—a brilliant torch in the luminosity of which a million years is but as yesterday. But Mr. Samuel Smith should not despair. It is just possible that, if the family tree is traced back to some other tree on which anthropoid ancestors gambled, and which is shown to have been the starting-point of certain definite characteristics of all succeeding Smiths, the question of whether to name the newcomer George or Mary may be settled within a quarter of a century.

## PROHIBITION AND POLITICS

PROHIBITION administrators come and go in the various federal districts and generally, as they go, they express the opinion that political pressure makes the enforcement of the Volstead Act almost an impossibility. But Major Chester P. Mills, who recently resigned as administrator of the second district, New York, is not content with expressing an opinion on the subject; he offers, in *Collier's*, very definite and detailed reasons for his belief that "prohibition is the new pork barrel," and that efficiency in its enforcement is the last thing desired by politicians of high rank whose preëminence must be maintained by judicious use of patronage. There is nothing vague in the exposition of his experience made by the former officer of the general staff; when he recounts conferences or correspondence with General Andrews or former Congressman Ogden Mills, he does not talk of "persons high in authority," he names them and tells exactly what they said or wrote. Thus, when he had been summoned to Washington to talk things over with his chief, and General Andrews had introduced him to "a dapper and outspoken gentleman, the former candidate for governor against the supposedly wringing wet Al Smith," as one of the most efficient of dry administrators, he reports that Mr. Ogden Mills commented bluntly: "No one questions his efficiency, but let's talk patronage."

The slimy trail of corrupt politics smears the whole story, which discloses a gallery of perjurers, extortioners, crooked attorneys and strong-arm lieutenants of the leaders who not only defied the law but could be reasonably certain of support in the highest quarters for their defiance. After citing several cases in which this support was given, Major Mills remarks: "Similar cases of the sponsoring of known lawbreakers by politicians could be multiplied to boredom." Of course they could; that is as well known to the average man in the street as it was to the campaign manager of a western senator who brushed aside the fact that one Cantor, recommended by the senator for a position as dry agent, was a former partner in a spurious sacramental wine store, with the remark: "He wants the job to get his, the same as the rest of them in this prohibition racket." It is known, has long been known, yet because those who speak in the name of "temperance and moral reform" have dragged the question of prohibition into politics, and because the bootleggers who are their allies ask nothing better than that it should be kept there, America is made to stand as the typification of horrible hypocrisy and greedy graft before the whole world.

The sad feature of these disclosures by Major Mills is that, while they are shocking, they are not surprising. As Fabian Franklin says in his recently published *A. B. C. of Prohibition*:

"The cost of prohibition enforcement in dollars and cents, though by no means trifling, is too small a



matter for this great and enormously wealthy nation to be worried about. But there is a different kind of price that we are paying for prohibition enforcement—a terrible price in the shape of bribery and corruption. . . . To any man who has kept in touch with the daily news during the past seven years, the story is only too familiar. Prohibition officers removed by the score for corruption; constant changes in enforcement methods for the sake of getting rid of the abuses that have been discovered; hold-ups of innocent persons by prohibition agents, with the killing of the innocent a not infrequent incident—these things have been familiar items of news throughout the time that national prohibition has been on the statute books.”

### RETREATING TO CATCH UP

WHEN the Bishop of Ripon suggested to the members of the British Association for the Advancement of Science that they halt their investigations for ten years to give a chance to men and women to “catch up,” there were tolerant smiles for the unscientific mind which imagined that inquiry and research would ever stop for a moment. But some there are who will smile sadly at the unscientific viewpoint of those whose minds have become so cramped and warped that they can conceive investigation limited solely to the physical and the material, with “the noblest study” entirely ignored.

It is customary for those who extol what they term “pure science” to assert that the greatest brains of the day are dedicated to the task of making this world a better, happier place in which to live, without thought of any future existence. Yet everywhere is unhappiness, dissatisfaction, yearning for that peace which passeth the understanding of these great minds. The reason is not far to find. It was disclosed recently by Pope Pius XI, when he quoted from Scripture to give a picture of existing conditions: “With desolation has the whole world been made desolate, because there is no one who thinketh in his heart.”

The solution of the problems of life which baffle and disturb will not be furnished by great brains, but by understanding hearts that have known the bitterness of the soul and have learned that there are joys in which no stranger shall intermeddle. The prophet Isaias indicated very clearly the manner in which the solution shall be reached: “And the vision of all shall be unto you as the words of a book that is sealed, which, when they shall deliver to one who is learned, they shall say: ‘Read this.’ And he shall answer: ‘I cannot, for it is sealed.’ And the book shall be given to one that knoweth no letters, and it shall be said to him: ‘Read.’ And he shall answer: ‘I know no letters.’ . . . Therefore, behold I will proceed to cause an admiration in this people by a great and wonderful miracle; for wisdom shall perish from their wise men and the understanding of their prudent men shall be hid. . . . And in that day the deaf shall hear the

words of the book and out of darkness and obscurity the eyes of the blind shall see.”

On the eve of the great Jewish holydays of Rosh Hoshonah and Yom Kippur, Governor Smith issued a statement to citizens of that faith in which he lauded the custom of making the celebration of New Year’s Day not a noisy festival but rather an occasion for spiritual stock-taking, humility and repentance, that conduct might be improved in the following twelve months. “The children can make no greater contribution to our American citizenship,” he said, “than to apply the teachings of the fathers to the daily problems of living under the free institutions of our country.”

Fortunately this custom of spiritual stock-taking, not merely once a year, but several times during the twelve months, is steadily growing among Catholics, and in the laymen’s retreat movement there has been found a way to dispel desolation by giving time for serious self-examination and quiet and helpful thinking in the heart. It is in these searching investigations of motives as well as actions, conducted in the retirement of a week-end, that what Governor Smith refers to as “the daily problems of living” are weighed and analyzed. Retreat houses such as those at Mount Manresa on Staten Island, and Malvern, near Philadelphia—and these are only two of many—are laboratories in which the constant research work undertaken produces results of benefit, not only to the individual but to the whole country. That this is being recognized by all men of good will is shown by the number of non-Catholics who are taking advantage of the opportunities for recollection and self-study which these short retreats afford. Of some 2,000 who participated in the exercises at Malvern about a year ago, fifty were not of the Faith; yet these were eager to testify to the enlargement and enrichment of their lives which had resulted from their withdrawal for a few days from the cares and distractions of the world.

Jesuits, Franciscans, Passionists and members of other orders are giving encouragement to the work. College leaders are aiding the movement. At the convention of the Knights of Columbus of the California jurisdiction, held at Yosemite Valley last May, resolutions were passed endorsing the more general use of the opportunities offered by these lay retreats, and delegates to the national convention were instructed to do all in their power to have the Knights as a body spread the custom among all Catholics.

This movement to make more definite and more intimate man’s relation to that One

From whose right arm, beneath Whose eyes  
All period, power and enterprise  
Commences, reigns and ends

is not confined to the United States. In Germany and other countries of Europe, activities along the same lines have brought most satisfactory results.

By retiring and retreating, a means has been found by which mankind is enabled really to “catch up.”

# WILLA CATHER'S MASTERPIECE

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN Walt Whitman cried out on some page or other of *Leaves of Grass*, that who touched that book really touched a man, he said something that was true in its special sense not only of his book but of all true books. They are living things. They have in them not only the life, or something of the life, of their writers, but also they have a life of their own: individual, separate, unique. Like men, they are composed of body and soul. As in the case of man, we can recognize the palpable fact of their living quality, but we experience the same difficulty in any attempt precisely to define that quality as we experience in trying to define any man or any woman. "All things find their end in mystery," wrote some Schoolman long ago. Even the most convinced materialist: one to whom what we call the soul is merely the product or effect of mechanical processes of the blood, and nerves, and glands, when asked for his explanation of how matter itself began, can only say that all things, matter included, certainly begin in a mystery, however they may end. He may believe, or try to believe, that some day he will know it all; will be able to explain the beginning and foresee the end; but here and now he must admit the mystery.

All works of human art contain or partially express the ambient mystery of life, of which death itself is only an element. Among these works of art: temples, cathedrals, symphonies, peasant songs, sculpture, paintings, dramas, roads and bridges, ships (whether of the air or of the sea) books—true books, living books—are especially steeped in mystery. Criticism may usefully attempt to deal with such books for the sake of the value of incidental discoveries, helpful minor interpretations, though criticism never understands creation. But at least it may do it reverence. It may be its missionary, hunting out and bringing to the shrine of art all those who may be seeking beauty but who do not know where it is to be found.

It seems to me that it is the duty of criticism so to call attention to Willa Cather's new book,\* that all readers competent to appreciate a great work of literary art may have their opportunity to enjoy it. When I say "all readers competent to appreciate a great work of literary art," I have no intention of being supercilious; I do not address myself to any coterie of highbrows; I have no thought of those superior persons of Mallarmé's dictum, the inbred aristocrats of the mind, to whom only are the inner secrets of art revealed. For readers who delight in what is vaguely called "style," to whom the rhythms and the verbal coloring of "fine writing" are delight-giving

things in themselves, there are indeed many wonderful pages in this book. For those who seek in prose fiction not only the attraction of interesting characters, places, events, adventures, but also the more subtle but no less real attraction of philosophy—which, broadly speaking, is surely the effort of the human intellect to examine deeply, and, if possible, to understand, the universe in which and through which the pageant of human life proceeds—there also is much and worthwhile stuff. And at the same time the simplest and most humble of readers may and surely will find this book acceptable and more than acceptable. I know few books so deep, even so profound, in subject matter, which are expressed in so simple a vocabulary.

The stylistic beauty of Willa Cather's book: beauty of the rarest, truest kind, is in her pages as perfume mingled with incense breathes from flowers on some altar: as color appears in those flowers, or in the sky at sunrise or sunset, or in a rainbow, or in the eyes, the lips, the cheeks of living men and women. In order to write this book, she has read a great deal in other books, she has studied books; she has observed the desert country of the American Southwest morning, noon and night, through all four seasons of the year; she has lived among and with its people; and she has thought, very deeply, very long, about all those things, and about life itself; moreover, she has brooded; she has been affected by movements of her soul, by intuitions and inspirations coming from beyond the frontiers of thought. Thus her spirit became mysteriously maternal; and this book was born, not made. Her words and phrases, simple, and nearly always words of common use, are so vivified by their association with her marvelous inner processes that they shine with their real meanings (which are so blurred and defaced in the hands of hasty or dishonest writers); they mix and mingle in rare combinations of color and music. A child could read this book without effort; artists, philosophers and priests, may and will ponder it profoundly.

Is it a novel? I do not know. All depends upon what one's definition of a novel may happen to be. Is it history, or biography; rewritten, or rather, re-created? Historical characters, like Kit Carson; historical events, like the Gadsden purchase of Arizona, or the building up of the Archdiocese of Santa Fé, are dealt with in such a way that the book throws more light upon the southwestward sweep of the United States than many volumes of professed history. Yet the book decidedly is not—or certainly is not only—an exercise in the present-day habit or fad of "novelizing" history or biography. There is no "love interest" in its pages—at least, not of the kind that one ordinarily associates with novels, and perhaps even more

\**Death Comes for the Archbishop*, by Willa Cather. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.

with the new order of fictionized biographies. The love that glows in Willa Cather's book can never be put into the movies because it is the love that moves the universe and all its stars, the love of God for man, of man for God. It is one of the serenest, most mellow, most peaceful books ever written; but the peace, the serenity, the mellowness, are not shallow, not superficial. They are there as a starlit sky and a calm sea combine upon some perfect night of beauty; but the unimaginable depths and distances of space, the power and dread of the sea, are unforgotten.

One would have to be able to write as well as Miss Cather, and on the same subjects (and that is a highly improbable thing) adequately to pay tribute to one high merit of her wonderful book, namely, its descriptions of the colors, the sounds, the scents, the aspects of the southwestern desert. But "descriptions" is a misleading word; Willa Cather does not really describe the desert, she magically evokes it. Perhaps only those who know it by personal experience can fully appreciate her wizardry; but surely no reader can be insensitive to the enchantment of her crystalline prose; crystalline and limpid, yet at the right moments shot through and scintillant with colors, and ghosts of colors, and tones of color, and super-tones. Not even Mary Austin can bring the desert country into language with more success; and that is the highest praise, in terms of comparison, that I can give. I know that country; I have lived in it, many months at a time; I can remember; but I do more than remember, I live it again, in this book.

It tells the story of one Jean Marie Latour, a Catholic missionary priest who, when a young man, is sent to New Mexico as the Bishop of Santa Fé, after that portion of the country comes into the possession of the United States. With him is his friend from youth, Father Joseph Vaillant, now his vicar, and destined also to become a bishop in the turbulent gold fields of Colorado. Vaillant is the son of a peasant. Latour comes of an aristocratic family that in past centuries gave cathedral-building bishops to France; he is one who, without a vocation to the priesthood, might have been a typical man of the world, a somewhat delicate-minded, courteous, virile yet gentle person. But the vocation makes all the difference. It brings him to New Mexico, cuts him off from the sophisticated European culture and refinement of life which he so appreciates, to labor a long lifetime amid Indians and semi-barbarous white folk, living crudely, hardly, dangerously, and at last dying in exile. Vaillant, however, you cannot think of save as a priest, and a missionary priest.

The first-comers of the American conquest are swarming into Santa Fé, meeting the scanty and static Mexican population, and the older aboriginal life of the Indians, the Pueblo people, the Navajos, and other tribes. The two priests ride hundreds, sometimes thousands of miles, on horse- or mule-back; they sleep, on those journeys, on the ground, in sand-storms, or

snow-storms, in the dry, torrid heat of the deserts, or in the dry, knife-edged cold of the hills; they are almost murdered by a degenerate American renegade; they glimpse strange things of the primitive religious secrets of the Indians; they meet curious Mexican priests who defy the power of Rome and set up schisms of their own; they gather the legends of the Spanish pioneers, the Franciscan martyrs to whom the hardships, very real ones indeed, of the French priests of this transition period of American life, are even mild. And always, everywhere, they give all their powers, their endurance, their courage, their strength, their culture, their riches of European experience, to the task that has brought them to this oldest, this newest of regions: the task of extending the Catholic Church, the Faith; the task of saving souls.

It is in her treatment of this central motive of the life of Archbishop Latour and his companion, Father Vaillant, that Willa Cather succeeds most surely. Her book is a wonderful proof of the power of the true artist to penetrate and understand and to express things not part of the equipment of the artist as a person. Miss Cather is not a Catholic, yet certainly no Catholic American writer that I know of has ever written so many pages so steeped in spiritual knowledge and understanding of Catholic motives and so sympathetically illustrative of the wonder and beauty of Catholic mysteries, as she has done in this book.

There is one short chapter, or section, for example, entitled December Night, which contains the quintessence of the meaning, the power, the consolation, the charm, the beauty, of Catholic devotion to the Blessed Virgin. "Bishop Latour had been going through one of those periods of coldness and doubt which from his boyhood, had occasionally settled down upon his spirit and made him feel an alien, wherever he was." One night, nearing Christmas, lying in bed, depressed with a sense of failure, he wants to pray but cannot pray. By and by he realizes that in his mind is a desire to leave bed and go to his church, there to find, if he may, near the tabernacle on the altar, the contagion of that spiritual warmth and force which he craves; and also he realizes that he dreads leaving bed and facing the cold. Once seizing the truth, the Bishop acts as always he acts. He gets up and goes to the church. He finds an old Mexican woman, a slave of an American family, crouched in the snow against the sacristy door, weeping. Her owners, being bigots, would not permit her to go to the Catholic church or to receive a priest. Scantly clothed, she had escaped from the house hoping to steal into the Church and pray. The Bishop lights a candle and looks at her. "It seemed to him that he had never seen pure goodness shine out of a human countenance as it did from hers." He covers her with his warm cloak, he takes her to the altar of the Virgin; and the aristocratic ecclesiastic and the Mexican slave-woman pray together. Then the courtly Archbishop learns from the old slave-woman secrets of the joy and the truth of

religion such as he has not glimpsed since the days of his pure and ardent youth.

Kneeling beside the much-enduring bondwoman, he experienced those holy mysteries as he had done in his young manhood. He seemed able to feel all it meant to her to know that there was a Kind Woman in Heaven, though there were such cruel ones on earth. Old people, who have felt blows and toil and known the world's hard hand, need, even more than children do, a woman's tenderness. Only a woman, divine, could know all that a woman can suffer. Not often, indeed, had Jean Marie Latour come so near to the Fountain of all Pity as in the Lady Chapel that night; the pity that no man born of woman could ever utterly cut himself off from; that was for the murderer on the scaffold, as it was for the dying soldier or the martyr on the rack. The beautiful concept of Mary pierced the priest's heart like a sword.

I should like to quote the entire section, for the sheer pleasure of slowly savoring a most beautiful piece of prose; and for me also it is like repeating a most efficacious prayer. Well indeed did Miss Cather write on her title page, "Auspice Maria."

My colleague George Shuster has written one or two big books and lectured up and down the country trying to get people to understand the rich soil and background that American art, in literature, music, painting, sculpture, possesses in the shape of its Catholic element—the works and ways of the Spanish, Portuguese, French and English explorers who came accompanied by the men of the Cross, men of the same stuff as Willa Cather's Jean Marie Latour and Joseph Vaillant. It is not, in this connection, a matter of the

truth, whether final and absolute, or provisional and relative, of the Catholic faith; it is a matter of the rich heritage of heroism, of authentic deeds and fascinating folk-lore, and of the solid, substantial contributions flowing from the work of the early Catholics for the enrichment and strengthening and beautifying of American life and culture. If the Spaniard came as a swordsman, with him also came the man of the Cross. The swordsman died losing to others the lands and power he had fought for; but from the blood-dewed paths of the missionary flowered the things that last—agriculture, the vine, arts, letters, lessons of the highest deeds of the human spirit.

Willa Cather is one of the few American artists who has perceived the great treasures lying in wait for art in the Catholic tradition of the United States. One of her books is called *O Pioneers!* She, too, is a pioneer. She will lead others to that treasure-trove. Let us hope that among them may be a few Catholics. American Catholics sorely lack, and even more sorely need, authentic artists. Producing rich men and politicians, a scattering of judges and a host of lawyers, isn't quite the proof that the nation needs of the civilizing influence of the Faith. The Church in the United States has never failed in its succession of splendid priests and even more splendid nuns. But the laity has not as yet flowered to any notable extent in the production of the finer works of culture and of life. Books like Willa Cather's may and should help to remedy the matter. At any rate, I consider it the duty of Catholics to buy and read and spread Willa Cather's masterpiece.

## THE ASCENT OF MAN

By BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE

THOSE who are familiar with the numerous writings of that very distinguished anatomist, Sir Arthur Keith, will not need to be told that he possesses in enviable measure the power of placing his views on scientific matters before the public brightly, clearly and convincingly. All the features in his writings to which we are accustomed, find a place in his recent presidential address to the British Association for the Promotion of Science at its meeting in Leeds.

He begins by recalling the fact that, sixty-nine years ago, in the same city and as president of the same Association, Sir Richard Owen, then the leading comparative anatomist of the world, poured contempt on the idea of the simian origin of man's body, and based his repudiation of the latter theory on the differences, especially of the brain, between man and the apes.

Those who have followed the discussions of the succeeding years will not fail to remember that the controversy raged around the question as to whether the ape had or had not in his brain a comparatively

trivial structure known to anatomists as the hippocampus major. Owen was wrong in his facts for, as we now know, the brain of man is, anatomically speaking, an enlarged example of that of the other primates—"the only distinctive feature of the human brain is a quantitative one," as Professor Elliot Smith says. But Owen was far more wrong in his implications, for the matter goes much deeper than mere anatomical structure. Surely performance is the really important thing. That has been seen by other writers—for example, the late Professor Sidgwick in his great textbook on zoology; for, after stating therein that in such a book account could be taken only of anatomical characteristics, he goes on to point out that, if psychical characters were to be considered, zoological classification would be thrown into confusion and most notably so in the case of man. "How should we determine," he asks, "the position to be assigned to him?" And he continues:

For what a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty! in form and moving how

express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! And again: Thou hast made him a little lower than the angels and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

Thus the man of science; and we may further remember how Kingsley, in 1863, when this controversy was at its hottest, turned the whole thing into well-deserved ridicule in his *Water Babies*. One of his characters

had even got up once at the British Association, and declared that apes had hippopotamus majors in their brains just as men have. Which is a shocking thing to say; for, if that were so, what would become of the faith, hope and charity of immortal millions? You may think there are more important differences between you and an ape, such as being able to speak, and make machines, and know right from wrong, and say your prayers, and other little matters of that kind; but that is a child's fancy, my dear. Nothing is to be depended upon but the great hippopotamus test. If you have a hippopotamus major in your brain, you are no ape, though you had four hands, no feet and were more apish than the apes of all aeries.

That is the true light in which to view these anatomical resemblances. They are there, but the closer they are, the more amazing the differences of a psychological character. Sir Arthur is quite certain of the simian origin of man's body and cheerfully draws a check for a million or so of years on the bank of time for his gradual shaping. The futility of these chronological guesses has been recently emphasized by Sollas, a very distinguished geologist, whose remarks were recently quoted in *The Commonwealth*.

But Sir Arthur very frankly admits that

Our geological search has not produced, so far, the final and conclusive evidence of man's anthropoid origin; we have not found as yet the human imago emerging from its anthropoid encasement.

Close morphological resemblance is the argument which is pressed on us. Yet Professor Vialleton, one of the most famous vertebrate morphologists of the day, will have none of this argument, and Professor Henry Fairfield Osborne, certainly in the front rank of men of science in the biological sector, has only recently told us, as was pointed out in this paper, that we must utterly abandon the idea of the simian origin of man's body and look elsewhere for his pedigree. Where such distinguished pundits disagree so completely there can be no certainty, and the plain man, ignorant of anatomy, will probably conclude that he had better let them come to some kind of common conclusion before he begins to bother his head about the matter. Archbishop Sheehan tells Catholic students that, if the proof were forthcoming tomorrow that man's body had been evolved from that of some lower animal, "it would not be found to contradict any solemn, ordinary or official teaching of the Church." So that we may await the discovery of such evidence, should it ever be discovered, with equanimity.

Sir Arthur further has a very interesting comparison between the automobile and the human—and indeed, animal—body, as to which a few words may be said, especially in connection with what he does not say, doubtless because it was not part of his intention to touch on such matters. The visitor to an automobile factory is introduced to quantities of pieces of metal of varied shapes which are assembled and fitted together in a marvelous manner, until at last the finished vehicle is in shape to leave the yard under its own power. He is very careful to tell us that we cannot understand all this wonderful business unless we visit the designer's office and see the blue-prints, and above all, the man who is responsible for them. There is a parallel here with the human body. It commences as a single microscopic cell from which arise myriads of others of diverse shapes and characters—the pieces of metal—which are assembled and fitted together, also in marvelous fashion, until this machine also is able to leave the factory under its own power. How does this come about? What causes the accurate assemblage of the various parts? Sir Arthur talks a good deal about hormones, those glandular secretions which are so microscopic in amount yet so potent in operation, and he thinks that they have much to do with this assembling business. Very likely; but surely to tell us this is to tell us nothing final. A well-arranged museum is not explained to us when we have been told that attendants have placed the specimens in the cases. Yet in the human factory we are told that there is no apprenticeship; that no plans or patterns are supplied; that every workman—that is, every separate cell—has the needed design in his head from birth. "There is neither manager, overseer nor foreman to direct and coördinate the activities of the vast artisan armies." Really! There must be a designer for the comparatively simple automobile; there must be directors and foremen; but the amazingly complicated human body can carry on without anything of this kind! Surely it must be obvious that, unless we here also visit the Designer's office, we have an utterly incomplete idea of the process as it is carried out.

Here we turn back to the words of Paley, written many years ago, but as true today as when they were uttered:

Upon the whole, after all the schemes and struggles of a reluctant philosophy, the necessary resort is to a Deity. The marks of design are too strong to be gotten over. Design must have had a designer. That designer must have been a person. That person is God.

When we have arrived at that conclusion (and at what other can one arrive?) we may be content to leave the discovery of the processes by which the Designer achieved His plan for men of science to work out as and when they can, conscious that whatever may be discovered can never tend otherwise than to an increased feeling of awe and wonder at the marvelous works of the Creator of all things.

## MUSIC IN THE MOVIES

By FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON

**B**EDLAM has broken loose upon the motion picture. The industry is full of sound and fury. With the invention of phonofilms and vitaphones and photophones, the silent drama is no longer silent. Theatres are being equipped with sound-producing devices. There is competition for and controversy over basic patents. The press is full of comment upon the marvels of this new combination of visual and auditory impressions perfectly synchronized in celluloid.

All of which is very interesting from the point of view of invention and entertainment. A new mechanical toy has been made for the great movie public. But it has no more to do with the art of the photoplay than radio has to do with the art of music—less, in fact. The radio may be looked upon as a means, however inadequate, of bringing the works of great composers into homes which would otherwise be denied them, whereas the invention of the so-called "talking movie" introduces sound into an art to which it is foreign and extraneous. The photoplay is pictorial narrative unfolding its story through pantomime and pageantry. It exists in the eye of the beholder. It is a shadow medium having neither need nor place for sound. The talking movie, therefore, is erroneously conceived. It is irrelevant to the nature of the photoplay which can develop as an art form only through independent expression without any reliance upon the emotional appeal of music. The sponsors of the new inventions who liken the alliance of music and motion pictures to opera must remember that the operatic tradition is regarded by many musical critics as unsound. Opera, even in its classical form, is barbaric. In its Wagnerian form it is still more so. What Wagnerians are pleased to call a wedding of the arts is, in reality, a confusion of the arts which has its base in a form of subnormal psychology. The combination of music and drama is good Wagnerism going back to good Rousseauism, but brought into motion pictures, it can only blight what pure art there is in them.

The whole elaborate system of orchestration which surrounds our present-day movie grew up, not out of the nature of the medium nor out of any inherent need, but out of a mere accident of showmanship. The linking of music and the movies first began when Edison developed his kinoscope as a by-product of his phonograph. Later the association became deliberate. The bits of film were not much in themselves, but added to music they offered an acceptable moment or two of entertainment. So the peep shows were exhibited in the penny arcades to the accompaniment of mechanical music. As these strips of film began to tell a longer story and to hold interest on their own account, it

might have been supposed that the musical appendage would be discarded. This, however, was not the case. Orchestration persisted for several reasons.

First of all, the films were a novelty and their purveyors realized that audiences would be less timid about accepting the new entertainment if it came hand in hand with the old, familiar appeal of music. It was natural, too, that the new entertainment should fall in with already established theatrical custom. Vaudeville and legitimate drama had their orchestras. So the motion picture followed the leader and "did its stuff" to music. Again, the early movies were crude; their story-telling was not smooth; it was full of gaps and awkward transitions. The producers were quick, therefore, to see in music a magic cloak, which covered up dramatic discrepancies. If the actors failed by their grimacing to move the spectators to the proper emotional pitch, the sweet, sad strains of a popular melody could always be relied upon to turn the trick.

Thus it came about that the emotional appeal which should be in the film itself was supplied by an outside agent, the orchestra. Music became the accomplice of inferior production. With every film producers sent out cue sheets. The cue sheet is in the nature of a charge to the orchestra telling the musicians what selections to play and when to play them, according to the dramatic emphasis or the emotional content of the scene. Bars, chords, motifs and movements are lifted from operas, symphonies or popular ballads and are carefully matched up to the photoplay with the intention of inducing a proper mood for the reception of each scene. In these selections light opera, grand opera, French opera, Italian opera, German opera, symphonies, fugues, sonatas, nocturnes, preludes and polonaises mingle in a mad mélange to serve the purposes of a single photoplay. No distinction is made between classic and contemporary composers. Timbre and tempo are regulated arbitrarily by the whim of the cue-sheet maker. He becomes a creature of habit, too: Hearts and Flowers for the love interest; Pomp and Circumstance for formal occasions; the Dead March from Saul for the tragic motif. Sousa's March has been to the movies what the American flag was to George Cohan's stage plays, the unfailing uplifter of the deadest level of drama. A blind man in a motion picture theatre, acquainted with the ways of cue sheets, could guess his way through the plot.

Under the old system of sending out a cue sheet with the film, its use, theoretically at least, was optional with the managers of theatres. But the lamentable thing about the new invention of simultaneously photographing music and action is that our photoplays will be unescapably bound to the unintelligence of cue

sheets. The invention makes permanent a tyranny which can be avoided only by running the picture without any accompaniment at all. It has reduced the photoplay and orchestration to a state of Siamese twinning. The experimentation and thought which should have gone into the development of the motion picture as an independent medium of expression has gone instead into the perfection of a mechanistic device which shackles the pictorial art in a humiliating slavery. By its imagination, which is one of the photoplay's greatest assets, is bound. Sound should be suggested, not reproduced. There is possible through the camera what may be called screen onomatopoeia, a representation of sound not through the arrangement of vowels and sibilants but through the pictorial arrangement of scenes. Horses' hoofs striking sparks from a hard road-bed, bells madly swinging in a steeple, the sea surging against a great headland, have in them as much sound connotation as the onomatopoeia in such lines as "the lisp of leaves and the ripple of rain." But the sponsors of the new invention will not have it so. They refuse us the inalienable right of imagination. They insist upon making audible drums and bells and oceans. Into the shadowy quietude of the photoplay they bring the tumult of microphones and amplifiers.

Now, of course, it is the place of mechanism to serve art. Printing is the handmaid of literature and stage-craft is the handmaid of the drama. The sound-producing mechanisms of the movies, however, do not serve the photoplay art. Rather they obtrude upon its pantomimic nature a cacophony, the mechanical timbre of which, has obvious kinship with the radio and the phonograph. Sound breaks the illusion of the photoplay. The two repel each other instead of coalescing into a unit. The one is substance, the other shadow. Instead of accentuating or intensifying the emotional content of the picture, as it is supposed to do, sound very often destroys the mood of the scenes or sets up an utterly false mood.

As an illustration of the latter, there was the theatre presentation of that very nearly flawless picture, *The Last Laugh*. It is a tranquil photoplay, the tragic undercurrent of emotion hidden under simple action; a character study of an old doorman, a bit of life. The first scenes in the picture take place during rain, a spring rain, perhaps a gentle rain—certainly not a thunder-storm. The rain was introduced merely to give the old porter the opportunity to perform his duties of calling taxis and escorting patrons to and from their motors under his great umbrella. The rain clings mistily to the scene like a breath of fog. Viewing the picture in the silence of the projection room, one is scarcely aware of the rain, so perfectly does it melt into the general atmosphere. But when the picture was "presented" at the theatre after a cue sheet had been duly prepared, the rain was rendered to the crashing of brass. Tympani and cymbals outdid each other in creating an impression of a cataclysmic storm, a

dark and supernatural upheaval, the strange black magic of *Götterdämmerung*. Against this *furioso*, the quiet administrations of the old door-man were thrown entirely out of key. The mood of the sequence, so finely delineated and so evenly maintained in the acting, was literally drowned out by the orchestra. The minds of the makers of cue sheets seem always to think in terms of noise. Rain to them is always thunder and lightning and flood. And it is they who will select the scores which the vitaphones and phonofilms will cement indissolubly to motion pictures. If the photoplay is ever to be a work of art, the theatre should be a museum for its silent contemplation.

But although the sound reproducing mechanisms serve neither the art of music nor the art of the photoplay, it cannot be said that they do not serve commercialism. Their novelty distracts the attention of the audiences and keeps them from discovering the motion picture entertainment for the tawdry stuff it is. Any music, even electrical music, acts as a palliative to a poor picture. By way of music, money is charmed out of the pockets of theatre-goers. It is the same sales principle which underlies the great organ that peals through the Wanamaker stores. The movie makers, being before all else a race of merchants, are too canny to relinquish anything which helps to hide the poor quality of their goods. If music can make people laugh or weep more readily, by all means let there be music. It is infinitely cheaper than making better pictures. Furthermore, by combining entertainment and orchestration in a single film a consolidation of earnings is accomplished. The money, which would normally go into the pockets of hundreds of musicians in hundreds of theatres for hundreds of performances, is deflected into the coffers of the motion picture companies which control the sound producing devices. An initial fee must, of course, be paid to the musicians who play for the making of the music negative, but the producing company gains thereby a permanent record which will play automatically every time the photoplay is shown and for which they can charge an added film rental. The invention thus enables producers to put on the market two sorts of wares instead of one and to receive in return a double profit.

In the hinterlands where the films must depend for their orchestration upon the vagaries of untrained musicians or upon poorly selected player-piano records, the mechanical reproduction of a full and talented symphony orchestra with each photoplay will undoubtedly be in the nature of a boon. But to admit that the electric reproduction of professional accompaniment is better than the erratic thrumming of provincial pianists is not to admit a necessity for any orchestration. And to look upon the invention as an interesting mechanical toy is not to concede to it any kinship with Olympus. The photoplay should be as soundless as a novel and as wordless as a painting. Until it is freed from the entangling alliance of orchestration, it cannot become a full-fledged art.

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF CONTRAST

By FRANCIS P. DONNELLY

CONTRAST is a commonplace term in criticism, and like most obvious things its deep significance escapes cursory, that is, literally, running readers. Art knew early the importance of contrast. Homer was conscious of its value and stopped his stories several times to note the contrast. Criticism was not slow to observe the same point, and, for Aristotle, contrast is almost as essential an element of art as unity and activity. In fact, contrast is at the root of mental activity. "Because the hearer expected the opposite, the new idea impresses him all the more," says Aristotle, probing to the depths of wit. Or the contrast there may be perhaps in the mind, as Victorinus understands it, and the pleasure of wit is all the greater because two subjective states are opposed, as in the former view two objective conditions were contrasted. Just as Aristotle finds contrast presiding over the birth of the comic, so a Byzantine critic finds contrast at the origin of the tragic. When Oedipus says, "In befriending Laius therefore, I befriend myself," the commentator calls the line a "dramatic thriller, a kinetikon," "because the opposite is to come."

A mental thrill is described in Hobbes's "sudden glory," in Watts-Dunton's "renascence of wonder," in Keats's "silent upon a peak in Darien," in Browning's "first fine careless rapture." Is not contrast a prime element in all these cases? The luster and radiance that all note in beauty gives, too, a mental thrill. James Joyce, in his *Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, has an excellent description of the objective element of radiance in beauty, mentioned by Aquinas:

The supreme quality is felt by the artist when the aesthetic image is first conceived in his imagination. The instant wherein the supreme quality of beauty, the clear radiance of the aesthetic image, is apprehended luminously by the mind. The luminous, silent stasis of aesthetic pleasure, a spiritual state very like to that cardiac condition called . . . enchantment of the heart.

It is a matter of wonder to the schoolboy learning Greek to find that the language has several superlatives to one positive for the words "good" and "bad." The Greek student will speculate too, why there are many superlatives, especially when he has the good fortune to come upon three different superlatives of "good" in one short sentence of Aristotle's *Nicomachean Ethics*. Aristotle writes:

There is the best (beltistos) activity where a power is best (aristos) disposed to its best (kratistos) object. . . . Such activity would be most perfect and most pleasurable too.

Is it laboring the point too finely to see the three objective elements in the theory of Aquinas, radiance,

proportion, unity, suggested by Aristotle's three superlatives? Let your object be burnished to shining lustre and it will be most effective (kratistos); let it be properly proportioned and it will be most consonant (aristos); and the activity will be intrinsically most perfect (beltistos) if there is the focusing of unity and not the dissipation of energy on many objects. Contrast of course does not include the three elements of Aquinas, but it is contrast which gives sharpness to one element, radiance. Photographers are in search of absolute black for an ideal background where no intruding light would dim the radiation of the subject to be photographed. On the background of contrast, sorrow receives its crown of sorrow, as joy wins its laughing success.

Homer's poems are full of pathos. The tears of Penelope and Andromache and of all of Homer's women are constantly flowing, and his men too are never far from tears, but then only smoldering pathos flames into tragic poignancy, when Homer whets his sorrow on the hard flint of contrast. Smiles meet tears on the face of Andromache; laughter verges into idiocy on the faces of the doomed suitors; Priam's lips kiss the dread, the murderous hands of Achilles which slew his sons. Homer makes us note the fact when Priam cries,

I have braved what no other man on earth has ever braved before, to stretch forth my hands toward the face of the slayer of my sons.

The same contrast is explicitly noted when Hector is slain, and the poet would have the horror of the slaying tempered by pity.

Then Andromache called to her fair-tressed maidens through the house to set a great tripod on the fire that Hector might have warm washing when he came out of battle—fond heart, and was unaware how far from all washings, bright-eyed Athene had slain him by the hand of Achilles.

Antinous, in the *Odyssey*, while the pleasant wine was in his throat was pierced there by the arrow of Odysseus.

Death gave his heart no care. For who could think that in this company of feasters one of the crowd could bring upon him cruel death?

When about to land upon his native Ithaca, the ship of Odysseus is swept away, and the tragedy makes him think of self-destruction. The man in the *Iliad* who lived beside the way and was a friend to men, had no friend near at his death. What was the tragedy of Achilles? That he himself had caused the death of his friend. "Your prayer was answered," says his mother. "The pity of it," replies the son. "But what



delight have I therein since my dear comrade is dead?" To suffer sorrow from an enemy is pathetic; to suffer from a friend is tragic; to suffer unwittingly from oneself is the height of tragedy. Such is Aristotle's teaching. The contrast is the sharper, the sensibility is keener, the pain is more intense.

The most complete exemplification of contrast for tragedy to be found in all literature is offered by Sophocles's Oedipus Tyrannus. The horrible story of a man killing his father and marrying his mother is told us, not by the immediate presentation of murder and incest, but by their effects after the lapse of years. The remoteness of the acts robs them of their grossness and makes them apt for purifying dramatization. First, the contrast in language is manifest everywhere, but especially in passages where by triumphant conclusions the king exults, and his exultation becomes tragic through another meaning of which he is not aware. Where Oedipus triumphs there he is defeated. The contrast, too, in the situations of all the persons, in position, in endowments, in temperaments, is marked. The contrast in successive complications is equally effective. Every agent and every action comes with the smiling promise of good, but succeeds in bringing a darker cloud of sorrow. The characters are contrasted with one another, mentally, morally, even physically where the blind see and the seeing are blind. The persons are contrasted, too, with their actions. It is a loving son who kills a father; it is the purest of men who marries his mother; it is a benefactor to the people who ruins them, a riddler who cannot read the riddle of his own life. The characters are even in contrast with themselves, and contrast can go no further than that. Oedipus is Hamlet and Hamlet's uncle; he is Brutus conspiring against the Caesar of himself. He searches for himself in searching for another, and his character is a compound of impetuosity and affection and above all of truth; he is as profound in his humility as he was confident, if not proud, in his utter assurance. A tragic play—a tragic character, and a triumph of contrast has Sophocles left us in his Oedipus Tyrannus. It might indeed have been so different, and it is tragic to see, the dread ruin of the house of Oedipus, whose splendor was hollow, whose soundness was an "ulcer" hidden under the ruddiness of health.

There is a mysterious chemical process called catalysis. Certain compounds are produced by the mere presence of a third agent, whose action is not fully understood. Recently it has been suggested that this catalytic agent has formed on its surface free hydrogen atoms, and hydrogen atoms in the heyday of their youth, before they enter molecular matrimony, are known to be potent sources of energy. Novelty is an effective agent in literature and art, and the fact is evident. Now is not contrast an ingredient of novelty? Not only because the new connotes the old by contrast, but because contrast freshens with youth both object and agent. Contrast is a catalytic agent with

beaded bubbles releasing free atoms of hydrogen. Would you have tragedy affect with youthful freshness your power of feeling and present the object in its newness? Awaken gladness and then the unexpected sorrow will have no callous surface to impinge upon, but one quivering with sensitive life.

That the same sensitizing power goes on in humor is clear from the agreement among all authorities that the unexpected is the most fruitful font of humor. Is that not only another way of saying that contrast is at the heart of the comic? Not only witticism, the paradox, the bull, the pun, the innuendo, the exaggeration, and other varieties of verbal wit are seen to sparkle with contrasts, but also the humor of character, of situation, of action, is rich in the same element. Mimicry, parody, caricature, clowning, have lurking in the background the original travestied and winning piquancy from contrast.

#### In Plato's Symposium

Socrates was driving them [Agathon and Aristophanes] to the admission that the same man could have the knowledge required for writing comedy and tragedy—that the fully skilled tragedian could be a comedian as well.

Aristodemus had forgotten most of that part of the talk, else we might have the reasons of Socrates for his profound statement. Would at least one reason be that tragedy and comedy are rooted in contrast, which objectively insures clearness of apprehension and subjectively insures freshness of experience? "It might have been," we joyously say, when from the serious we rebound to the comic. "It might have been," we sadly cry when from joy we rebound to the tragic. Whittier was right then in saying that "of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are 'It might have been.'" Might he not have added, to complete the truth: "Of all glad words of tongue or pen, the gladdest are 'It might have been?'"

#### Shepherds

I have found strange wisdom in shepherds  
Who feed their flocks on a high place,  
For there in the long nights, slow dawns and lone evenings,  
They see One move apace

Who is the Shepherd of all the world's shepherds,  
He of the stabbed heart, scarred brow, hands, feet,  
And hear His call echoing over the hill-tops,  
Compelling, clear and sweet.

They see sheep hurrying from low plains and stark deserts,  
Soiled, stumbling, falling up the difficult hill,  
And watch Him feed them in greenest pastures  
By waters cool and still.

Indeed and there is deep wisdom in shepherds  
Who feed their flocks on a high place,  
For there in the long nights, slow dawns and lone evenings  
They meet God face to face.

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY.

## AGENTIA FIDES

By JOHN J. CONSIDINE

**I**F A country pastor in a Polish village wrote a letter to a priest in America, we would grimace at finding it headlined as news copy on the condition of Europe. Why tolerate the same procedure in the case of China? The parallel is not complete as Europe is not as homogeneous as China. But China is as large as Europe, almost equals it in population, and is not quite as homogeneous as some popular conceptions suppose. What applies to a locality sometimes quite out of the way usually cannot be taken as a report on the whole country.

Some news agencies have had to resort to the practice of glorifying the private correspondence of dwellers in China and other remote countries for the simple reason that nothing better could be found. This has been true especially as regards Church news. Of course, let us take care not to suggest that the letter of a man long resident in a region is valueless. But it has geographic limitations. We wish to make the point that, in times of crisis, such as the recent one in China, the Catholic public should not be treated to one or two chance letters, coming even though they may from experienced observers. It should have a well-balanced story summarized from the reports of fifty or a hundred men strategically placed throughout the whole country and writing with intent to give a true picture of what is happening within their assigned areas.

A plan is afoot to make this possible, and the movement has its center in Rome.

Their Holinesses Benedict XV and Pius XI have launched once again in the Church's history a vigorous drive to extend the realms of the Cross. And when statesmen move, their methods are statesmanlike—high in ideal, it goes without saying, but likewise intelligent, far-sighted, penetrating. The reign of Pius XI promises to be thus marked in an especial manner. One detail of the thorough-going organization he is bringing into play for a Church-wide campaign to achieve a geographic balance in our interest in all men, is a press bureau of world proportions.

The occasion for the organization of the bureau was the last annual meeting in Rome of the Superior Council of the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. According to the Council report, on April 4, 1927, 100,000 lire (about \$5,600) was voted as an initial sum to lay the lines of a press service for linking up the Church in all the remote countries with the West. In less than a week after the vote, the machinery which was to make the service a reality was moving, organizers were nominated, the bureau was given its name, and the program as regards its broader lines was already determined.

Within twenty-four hours, the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda had given approbation. Subsequently, while prudently denying responsibility for the material that will be circulated, it has carefully di-

rected the development. A formal letter from the Cardinal Prefect, countersigned by the Congregation secretary, went to the 420 Propaganda ordinaries asking their coöperation, while special instructions were sent to the apostolic delegates in Asia and Africa. The Holy Father, already acquainted with the plan early in May, examined and approved the program.

The name of the bureau has been fixed in six languages. First, in order to denationalize it, it is called, in the official Church language, *Agentia Fides*. In English it is *Fides Service*, in French *Agence Fides*, in German *Fides Korrespondenz*, in Spanish *Agencia Fides*, in Italian *Agenzia Fides*. The central offices are in the historic palace of the Propaganda on the *Piazza di Spagna* in Rome.

The program is simple enough, namely, to follow the best traditions of the world's press agencies. There are three natural departments: the field organization, supplying the material; the centre liaison between the field and the press; and the agencies for distribution, which will reach the periodicals and newspapers of the Catholic world.

For the field organization, some 400 points throughout Asia, Africa, Oceania and the remote parts of Europe and the Americas have been selected, and, by the aid principally of the bishops in whose jurisdictions these points are found, press representatives well acquainted with the areas have been sought. The majority of these representatives, the *Fides* local correspondents, have already been named. Then, Asia, Africa and Oceania have been divided into some twenty regions, for each one of which an especially experienced observer and skilled writer, with large and mature views, is being found. This writer will deal not in material of a local character but in synthetic reviews of the religious, social, educational and economic conditions of the whole area, in so far as these have a bearing on the Church.

By this plan there will be some seventy-five representatives in China, a dozen representatives in Japan, forty in India, more than a hundred in Africa, with like allotments for the other regions. Instructions for each will be issued periodically from the centre, which will also keep the field men alive to the subjects of interest to the western public.

As years go by, the program of the distribution of the material will be developed. It is proposed to provide two general classes of copy and photographs, that for magazines and that for newspapers. The national director of the Propagation of the Faith will be a logical representative for distribution in each country, and on him will devolve the task of solving some of the local problems. However, the general policy will be to seek to link the bureau with all Church press organizations, such as our own very capable *N. C. W. C. News Service*.

The bureau, when properly functioning, will possess in its far-flung contact stations an organization which no other body can hope to establish. It

will not need to beg for openings. There will be no question of "hold-ups" for space, of demanding place for material because Fides Service is a Church foundation or because it has Church interests at heart. It will have an article in trade of immense value to the press world, the Catholic news from the earth's remote countries. On this sound basis, of the objective worth of its product, it hopes to move along the difficult path marked out for it and serve the purpose of its establishment.

Saint Paul, the hard-worked expression goes, would have his newspaper were he with us today. With Fides Service there is born in the city of Saint Peter the project not of operating a paper but of feeding the news-hungry maws of the thousands of journals and periodicals that serve the Catholic millions. Here lies the bureau's rôle—to remove the haphazardness from Catholic contacts with the far lands of the globe.

## THE VOLTA CENTENARY

By JAMES J. WALSH

THEY are celebrating in Italy this September the hundredth anniversary of the death of Volta, the inventor of the voltaic pile, the first continuous source of electricity ever devised. The event will bring together scientists from all parts of the world to unite in tribute to the distinguished Italian who, more than any other, initiated the modern electrical era. Meetings in the interest of pure and applied science have been announced, telegraphic conferences are arranged, and the meeting of the International Electro-Technical Commission is to be a part of the anniversary program. This is as it should be for Volta's invention was no happy accident but the result of serious studies in physical science over many years.

The Edison Monthly (September, 1927) emphasizes its significance properly. "Volta's discovery," it says, "was one of the important steps in electrical history, and the primary battery, an outgrowth of his early discovery, is in wider use today than ever. To this battery telegraphy and telephony owe much, while the commercial success of wireless could hardly have been possible without the primary cell."

While Volta has been proclaimed "the founder of electrical science," he reached distinction in physics and was professor of that subject at the University of Pavia. There are other inventions to his credit, such as an electrical pistol; it was he, also, who conceived the idea of making a light by means of the reaction of hydrogen on spongy platinum. This was developed into the so-called hydrogen lamp by Doebereiner.

Volta's invention of the voltaic pile worked a veritable revolution. Before this, electricity was regarded as a scientific toy. Now the whole situation changed. One commentator has said:

"There flowed from the zinc and copper a secret something which, by the application of the ends of wires to muscles, caused them to twitch; which appeared before the eye as light, applied to the tongue gave a sensation of taste, caused a thin wire to glow and even to burn between carbon points, produced a blinding light, decomposed water into its constituents, dissolved hitherto unknown metals out of salts and earths; made iron magnetic, directed the magnetic needle out of its path, in closed wire coils caused new electrical currents to be set up. . . ."

No wonder that, with this new power in their hands, men

felt that the man who had rendered it available must be considered one of the geniuses of humanity. He was honored in Paris and London as well as in his native Italy.

Volta's career was a striking exemplification of the expression of Thucydides, "Those who have to go through hard things in life when they are young have the best chance to rise above the common herd and make something of themselves." His father, a member of the Italian nobility, wasted his patrimony so completely that the family was in extreme poverty. The boy could not even secure copybooks for his first school exercises except for the kindness of friends. Besides this handicap, he was discouragingly slow in the development of his intelligence. It was feared that he was actually feeble-minded. He was four, for instance, before he could talk. Once he began to develop, his improvement was very rapid. Two of his uncles, both in orders, helped him to obtain an education, though he owed much to the Jesuits, at whose college no fees were collected. They assisted him also in obtaining his books, and even helped him pay his living expenses at their college.

At the age of sixteen, Volta had completed the classical college course with a year of philosophy, and was graduated with the equivalent of what we would call a bachelor of arts degree. In Volta's time this early completion of an undergraduate course was not unusual. He had a magnificent memory and exercised it very faithfully. He was very much interested in poetry, and knew Virgil and Tasso almost by heart.

Before his graduation, Volta had displayed great interest in the physical sciences. He secured the opportunity of applying himself to the study of electricity through Canon Gattoni, of the cathedral in Como, a former fellow-student and a man of considerable means. Without this assistance he would have had to occupy himself in some money-making way. The canon was himself interested in the natural sciences, and obtained the books and instruments necessary to enable himself and Volta to proceed. He seems to have realized very clearly Volta's wonderful power of observation, and apparently he, more than any other, made it possible for Volta to pursue his career as an original worker in electrical science.

As Volta has come to be looked upon as one of the great founders in modern physical science, it may be interesting to note that he had none of the materialism which so often developed among physical scientists in the later nineteenth century and against which there is a notable reaction in our time. Volta was known for his regular attendance at church. He often made an evening visit to the Blessed Sacrament with his family, and his favorite method of prayer was the rosary. The Italian peasantry in the country place where he lived often saw him walking out through the fields with his beads in his hand. Learning of his great discoveries, they called him a magician; but as this word usually carried a suggestion of evil, they added the adjective "beneficent," and he was generally known as *Il Mago Benefico*.

Having heard it said that he continued to practise his religion largely because he did not want to offend friends or scandalize neighbors, he wrote out, toward the end of his life his confession of faith, a very interesting document expressed in the clear terms that might have been expected of a scientist. Silvio Pellico, the poet, told of going to Volta with doubts about Providence and the hereafter. The old man made answer:

"I, too, have doubted, but I have sought. The great scandal of my youth was to behold the teachers of those days lay hold of science to combat religion. For me, today I see only God everywhere."

## THE PLAY

By R. DANA SKINNER

### *The Baby Cyclone*

THIS time the villain in the piece is a Pekinese dog. It is quite impossible to tell whether the author of the farce now playing at the Henry Miller—none other than George M. Cohan himself—has a secret fondness for Pekinese pets or whether, through the urge of some volcanic complex, he is rising on his toes to denounce the whole dog family as a menace to the modern home. Not that the author's intention matters much in any case, but simply that the Pekinese who plays the title rôle gets about the biggest hand of the evening, so that if Mr. Cohan set out to make him unpopular he has rather largely failed of his purpose.

Just how Mr. Cohan manages to keep a three-act play going on the subject of a small dog is one of those mysteries which only very careful analysis would clear up. For all I care, it will remain a mystery, for the simple reason that the play is admirable entertainment from first to last, with only a slight drooping in hilarity toward the very end. The Pekinese, alias Cyclone, has an innocent little way of his own of contributing to human unhappiness. He nearly breaks up one home already started, and another on the verge of starting. And all because his original owner, Gene Hurley, objects to the nocturnal promenades which the ownership of Cyclone involves. Complications begin the moment that Gene sells the obstreperous Cyclone to a fair passerby—be it noted, without the consent of Mrs. Hurley. At this stage, Joseph Meadows, the banker, is brought into the situation by his romantic rescue of Mrs. Hurley from a domestic quarrel she has carefully staged in Central Park. That Meadows chivalrously takes her to his own home for medical aid, that his fiancée turns up at exactly the wrong time, and that she turns out to be the fair purchaser of Cyclone, sets the stage for enough complications to keep things moving merrily throughout a long and entertaining evening.

Grant Mitchell is the star of this amusing piece, and a most excellent performance he gives, suave, well-pointed, and, on the proper occasions, rightfully indignant. But Spencer Tracy's masterly delineation of Gene Hurley is quite the best piece of acting of its kind I have seen in many months. He is not only convincingly at ease at all times, but the variety and sincerity of his facial expressions add sumptuously to the force of every line. He never steps out of his part for an instant, thus resisting the greatest temptation of all actors playing farce. Nan Sunderland, as Jessie Hurley, his deliberately hysterical wife, is also excellent. William Morris and Georgia Caine, too, contribute moments of benign comedy. With a slight tightening up and acceleration of the third act, this play should furnish generous light entertainment for many weeks to come.

### *Women Go on Forever*

THIS play, at the Forrest, is a theatrical curiosity. Its construction is loose and even disjointed. More things happen per square minute than the usual play permits in an entire act. The deliberate vulgarity of certain scenes has no necessary relation to the plot and therefore rings with box-office insincerity. In spite of all this, there is enough tensivity in the situations, enough sprightly comedy, and enough heart-rending pathos, to give the whole sordid jumble that curious quality called good theatre. It is a play that holds the atten-

tion at all times, even when it resorts to repellent means for the purpose of doing so.

Briefly, the action hinges on the character of the flashy landlady, Mrs. Daisy Bowman, proprietress of a four-rate boarding house for gunmen and such desirable characters. In the first act a baby is born, a wedding takes place, a murder is committed, and the unfortunate blind son of Mrs. Bowman discovers his love for an ugly old maid, whom he believes to be beautiful. The next act includes an attempted seduction and a second murder. The third act finds the irrepressible Daisy Bowman once more hanging out her Rooms for Rent sign, and preparing to make a conquest of the newest boarder who comes to replace one of her murdered lovers. From this very scant summary you can gather that the play would be utterly worthless if it were not for its distinct theatrical quality, for the careful and vigorous direction of John Cromwell, and for some amazingly fine acting by Elizabeth Taylor, as the old maid, Douglas Montgomery as the blind boy, Morgan Wallace and Osgood Perkins as two of the gunmen, and Mary Boland, the featured player, as Daisy Bowman. In spite of its quite unnecessary and sordid ending, the scene between Elizabeth Taylor and Douglas Montgomery is one of the finest bits of poignant and restrained acting now on view in New York. There is a rumor that Mr. Montgomery is leaving for a more important part in a new play. If so, his work should be watched closely, as it has gained greatly in power since his appearance last year in *God Loves Us*. Mary Boland cannot quite resist the temptation to farce some of her situations. Her playing is not in quite the same key as the rest of the cast, and for that reason it is disturbing at times. There is too much of an objectionable nature in this play to recommend it for general consumption. But the forceful writing of many scenes indicates that Daniel Rubin, its author, can contribute something of value to the theatre if he will try to forget the box-office for the legitimate development of stark character.

### *Burlesque*

THE dams which theatrical managers have erected for many years against plays about stage characters have been efficiently dynamited and the flood is now upon us. It started last year with Jed Harris's production of Broadway and Kenyon Nicholson's play, *The Barker*. The first dealt with cabaret performers, bootleggers and highjackers, the second with the private existence of tent-show people. And now comes Arthur Hopkins as producer and co-author with George Mankin Watters, of *Burlesque* a play dealing with the intimate lives of performers on the small-time circuit. Because of the current fad, and also because of Mr. Hopkins's reputation as a producer, *Burlesque* was heralded many weeks before its appearance in New York as this season's successor to Broadway. Yet as facts stand, it has almost nothing in common with Broadway. It is a sentimental play whereas Broadway was purely melodrama.

Probably the advance heralding had much to do with the disappointment of the first-night critics. They came prepared for salt, and were handed sugar. They looked for melodrama and found only pathos and characterization. And so it happened that most of the early reviews carried the warning that this was not, after all, another Broadway; with a natural in-

ference that it was not as good as Broadway. That, I believe, is much too harsh a statement of the case.

Burlesque is essentially a very simple story, quite simply told, and largely dependent for its theatrical interest on the supposed glimpse it furnishes into a life far different from that of the audience. Bonny, the leading lady of the Parisian Widows, is married to Skid, the leading comedian of the same traveling company. Skid's work attracts the attention of a theatrical scout who offers him the comic lead in a big Broadway production. This offer Skid accepts. The first act closes with an affecting farewell, modified by the appearance of a simple, straightforward cattle man from the West, who has become Bonny's devoted, though distant, admirer. In the second act you see the result of sudden success on Skid's character. New York and a big salary prove too much for him. Bonny, after every effort to reclaim him by long distance, has divorced him and come to New York with the intention of marrying Harvey Howell, the cattle man. Her real love, however, is still for Skid, and when they all meet in her apartment, there results a curious scene in which the lives of three people are shattered by the false pride of Bonny and Skid.

In the last act Skid has been fired from the New York production, and after being reduced to the lowest straits is given his last chance in a new out-of-town show. But he is apparently beyond all reclamation until Bonny, yielding to the frantic appeals of the manager, comes to him at the last minute to try and put him on his feet. The concluding scenes of the play are supposed to be numbers in the burlesque show itself, in which we hear the promise of Bonny, whispered between the steps of a routine number, to come back once more to Skid.

Obviously a play of this character must be handled with the utmost skill to convey a complete sense of reality—skill in direction, staging and acting. Of the staging of Burlesque there can be no complaint. Arthur Hopkins is nothing if not thoroughgoing in his attention to detail. But his direction is rather famous for following a slow pace. In the kind of scene where two young people are facing each other with breaking hearts across a gulf of misunderstanding, Mr. Hopkins has a genius for extracting the last ounce of pathos. But to achieve a full effect, such scenes ought to be set in a contrasting mood of quick, spontaneous action. It is in the lack of such a contrast, I believe, that Burlesque falls short of its full possibilities. The play grows oversweet at times. Of course the lines themselves as well as the slow pace contribute to this. There are too many long and unbroken speeches which give quite unnecessarily a feeling of talkiness.

The acting in general is excellent, with Hal Skelly, as Skid, and Ralph Theadore, as Harvey Howell, the chief luminaries. Mr. Skelly's performance is quite as good within its own outlines as that of Lee Tracy in Broadway. Mr. Theadore makes the rather difficult and sentimental character of the cattle man utterly believable and interesting. Unfortunately for the effect of the play as a whole, Barbara Stanwyck is not quite so well cast as Bonny. It so happens that she has most of the difficult and long speeches, and her delivery of them lacks the variety and incisiveness which might bring them to life. She is much at her best in the slower scenes of the second act. Burlesque, as a whole, is fair to middling entertainment, the amount of glamour you find in it being dependent largely upon your own feeling about stage characters.

*The Commonweal requests its subscribers to communicate any changes of address two weeks in advance, to ensure the receipt of all issues.*

FIFTH AVENUE **B. ALTMAN & CO.** NEW YORK  
TELEPHONE: MURRAY HILL 7000



## Original Style That Never Becomes Extreme

The waistcoat of linen, for instance, combined with shirt of fine weave and a cravat notable for its impeccable formation—make an individual combination that is utterly correct.

**WAISTCOATS, of linen . . . \$10.00**

**MEN'S CLOTHING SHIRTS, for daytime wear, \$2.75 to \$12.50**

**SIXTH FLOOR CRAVATS, priced from \$1.50 to \$6.50**

**MEN'S FURNISHINGS HALF-HOSE, of lisle, in new designs \$1.50 to \$3.25**

**FIRST FLOOR ALTMAN UNDERSHIRTS, imported from famous mills in Saxony — the finest lisle weights in plain colours and white, athletic style . . . \$2.00**

## POEMS

*Shining Thing*

She never knew or minded  
If things were silk or stuff,  
So long as they were lovely,  
It was enough.

Rhinestones or diamonds  
Thrilled her just the same,  
So long as the sunlight  
Caught white sudden flame;

A red-gold drug store window  
Or a priceless ruby ring  
Or a dancer's flying tinsels  
Turned her cheeks the same thing. . . .

Men say her old, gay heaven  
Of gold and flashing stone  
Is not for believing  
After men are grown.

But though she was so gracious  
And laughing-wise and tall,  
She loved to speak of gold harps;  
Bright swords by Eden's wall. . . .

And now her eyes no longer shine  
Nor her flashing words stir;  
Somewhere all shining beauty  
Must be real for her.

MARGARET WIDDEMER.

*Prayer for One Who Loves Winds*

Lift me up for I am small.  
Set my feet on wind-swept ground  
Where the high wind's mighty call  
Is an unfamiliar sound.

From the valley thick with brush  
Where the branches catch my hair—  
Raise me out of this deep hush,  
Raise me up to clearer air.

I will go and never speak  
In the sound of the wind's call,  
With a wind to touch my cheek,  
With a wind to make me tall.

RAYMOND KRESENSKY.

*Stars*

She did not choose her stars from the high heavens,  
Nor pluck them from the silhouette horizon.  
She could not reach them from the peaked mountains  
That earth presents for night to rest her skies on:  
But when the cool wind sang of far-off places  
And spread the breath of canyons, piney-sweet,  
Deep in a lake she saw their mirrored faces  
And dipped them from the water at her feet.

EDITH CHERRINGTON.

*A Stag Comes to Drink*

A stag comes to drink at a spring that is flowing  
Its silver to pools of the grasses blowing  
In shadows of trees,  
And he comes like a beautiful shadow emerging  
From patterns of shadow, and morning is surging

About him. He sees  
No shape he fears; no scent of danger  
Warns him of enemy or stranger  
Within these bounds

Of mountains topped with wind-blown embers,  
But still he comes as if he remembers

The rush of hounds  
And blast of the horn, or red flame darting  
From leveled steel, or dark boughs parting  
Before the leap

Of mountain lions, or wolf-shapes trailing  
His brambled course, or lynxes wailing  
Through troubled sleep.

From far I watch him drink—he passes,  
Again a shadow in rippled grasses,  
And glides away.

I cannot change his need, so never  
Wish change in him. May he be forever  
Elusive prey!

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

*An Old Face*

Many a wild, adventurous year  
Wrote its splendid record here;  
Stars of many an old romance  
Shine in that ironic glance;  
Many a hideous, vital day  
Came and smote and passed away:  
Now this face is ripe and glad,  
Patient, sane—a little sad.

Friend to life, yet with no fear  
Of the darkness drawing near;  
These so gallant eyes must see  
Dawn-light of eternity,  
See the secret vision still  
High on some supernal hill;  
'Tis a daring hope I hold—  
To look like this when I am old.

L. M. MONTGOMERY.

*The Outcast*

I built a shrine within a shrine,  
A god before a God I made.  
Within a temple half divine,  
My body, to myself I prayed.

And while I sang my power's praise  
And burned sweet incense to my pride,  
My soul, with half-averted gaze,  
Stood lone and longingly outside.

EDWARD H. PFEIFFER.

### BOOKS

*The Imitation of Christ, edited by Albert Hyma, from hitherto undiscovered sources. New York: The Century Company. \$2.50.*

THIS new translation of the great Christian classic has many things in its favor; but from the practical point of view it is open to one very serious objection—it is incomplete. The first two books are intact; but of the book on Interior Consolation—the longest in the treatise—there are but forty-seven chapters out of the fifty-nine, and of the book on the Holy Communion more than half the chapters are omitted. Moreover, in the book on Interior Consolation there are numerous excisions, especially of the prayers. Though Dr. Hyma notes in his introduction that “many editions of the Imitation have appeared in which a number of passages were eliminated,” he has himself presented us with another mutilated version. It is, therefore, surprising that the publishers, in their note to reviewers, should claim that this edition is “original, intact,” and that the editor pronounces it “much superior to all standard editions.” In view of the real facts, these are brave words indeed.

Most existing English editions emanating from non-Catholic sources are truncated because of the sectarian bias of their editors. A large number of them completely omit the book on the Holy Communion and suppress passages in the other books referring specifically to the ideals and practices of the religious life. Dr. Hyma has not been animated by religious prejudice, but the results are none the less unfortunate. For the most part his translation is excellent, and the Century Company has given the book an eminently pleasing format; but the reader who desires to possess the Imitation in its entirety must look for it elsewhere.

Today it is generally conceded by scholars that Thomas à Kempis is the author of the Imitation, but that his authorship was very largely a matter of compilation. His originality in the Imitation is something very different from the originality of, let us say, Ruskin in *Unto This Last*. The Imitation, like many another Catholic devotional work, is an expression, often literal, of a rich religious tradition extending through centuries. It is really a mosaic of quotations, direct and indirect, from earlier devotional writers, from Saint Bernard, Saint Augustine and other Fathers of the Church, from Ovid and other non-Christian classics, especially from the Holy Scriptures—there are more than a thousand direct references to the Bible in the Imitation of Christ. Much of this material was reshaped in the form of treatises by the Brothers of the Common Life under whom Thomas à Kempis studied in Holland, and it bears the impress of that revival of piety known as the Modern Devotion, a movement which Dr. Hyma has admirably studied in his book, *The Christian Renaissance*, which I had the pleasure of reviewing in the pages of *The Commonweal* some two years ago.

With commendable industry and capable scholarship Dr. Hyma has examined numerous manuscripts of the Imitation; but, unfortunately following in the footsteps of Paul Hagen, a German translator, he has, in the present edition, decided to retain only those passages and those chapters which he assumes—sometimes on by no means convincing evidence—not to have been written by à Kempis. In other words, he takes the stand that à Kempis was a compiler, not an author, and deliberately and in the name of scholarship proceeds to cut out of the treatise those very considerable portions of it which à Kempis indubitably wrote! His own words are:

## Why Not a Catholic President?

Rev. LYNN HAROLD HOUGH  
Methodist

Writing for a new magazine says: “There ought to be an occasional Catholic President. There seems to be no reason why we should consider the presidency of the United States an institution from which a Catholic must be shut out just because he is a Catholic.” You can read this liberal and interesting article in the October issue, the first issue of

# PLAIN TALK

*A New Magazine*

Edited by  
G. D. EATON

*Plain Talk* is dedicated to tolerance and naturally to locking horns with intolerance. It will, at all times, state facts clearly, honestly and fearlessly on issues of importance, problems under wide discussion, affairs that are in the newspapers and others that are not. And no effort is spared to verify the facts in question.

Clarence Darrow, Emil Ludwig, Brand Whitlock, Havelock Ellis, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Louis Bromfield, Rev. John Haynes Holmes are among the well-known contributors to *Plain Talk*. You will be interested in the October issue and in the November number in which appears the Rev. J. W. Houck's article:—

*The Atheist  
Nobody  
Knows*

So send us your subscription now

|  |  |
|--|--|
| PLAIN TALK, Inc.,  | c-w.   |
| 188 West Fourth St., New York City                                       |  |
| Please enter my subscription to your magazine, beginning with the issue. |  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> \$4.00 for one year.                            | <input type="checkbox"/> \$6.00 for two years. |
| Name .....   |  |
| Address .....  |  |

"Thomas à Kempis does not seem to have made any important changes in the first two books. For this reason they are reproduced in their entirety. The additions made by him in the third and fourth books are of such an inferior character that in the present edition they have been omitted. Any serious reader will note at once that the Imitation won its fame in spite of the additions of à Kempis."

Well, I have been a reader of the Imitation—and I hope a not unduly flippant one—during a quarter of a century; a daily reading in the book is prescribed in the rule of the Christian Brothers. I have approached the treatise in varying stages of intellectual and spiritual development and in all manner of moods; and, in the light of that fairly long and intensive experience, I cannot agree with Dr. Hyma's contentions. Several of the prayers which he omits appeal to me as spiritually fortifying and aesthetically important, a number of the chapters in the book on Interior Consolation which he dismisses as "of such an inferior character" I find distinctly superior in both their literary and their religious aspects, and the ten chapters which he eliminates from the book on the Holy Communion seem to me essential to an adequate understanding of the scope and purpose of that book.

Anybody who knows of Dr. Hyma's researches into the Modern Devotion cannot withhold recognition of the sound and important character of his scholarly labors, but anybody who knows the Imitation of Christ, who has caught its basic and unifying spirit, who has reflected on the popularity it has enjoyed among readers of all beliefs and of no belief during five hundred years, must regret that this new edition, despite its well-written introduction and capable style, is organically marred and misshapen. Dr. Hyma's version resembles what Shakespeare's King Henry VIII would be with all the supposedly Shakespearean passages left out.

BROTHER LEO.

*The Founders of Seismology, by Charles Davison. New York: The Macmillan Company. \$4.25.*

THE impression is widespread—at least this is true for the United States—that earthquakes have been markedly on the increase during the past few years. This opinion is unquestionably in error.

About twenty-five years ago, Count de Montessus de Ballore, at that time director of the Chilean Seismological Service, computed, from data available to the year 1900, an annual average earthquake frequency of 3830; this was equivalent to an earth shock every two hours and seventeen minutes. Dr. August Sieberg, Privatdozent at the Geophysical Institute of the University of Jena, rechecked these figures in 1923 to find them considerably too low. Substituting 9000 for the average annual rate, he brought the frequency to approximately one every hour. These numbers are now adopted by geophysicists as standard. The increase in this estimate, it is to be noted, is attributable to a closer count maintained on these happenings, made possible through more sensitive instrumental installation in the chain of seismic observatories now encircling the entire globe, and no less through the enthusiastic researches of the persistently growing corps of students who are coming to be identified with the science.

The misapprehension above alluded to is but an isolated instance of the many to which the public has fallen victim in matters scientific. Herein is emphasized the demand for reliable literature, reasonably shorn of what is excessively technical, to guide the intelligent reader to the hypotheses and facts which science has unraveled. Dr. Davison's latest contribu-

tion to the study of the dynamic of the earth, *The Founders of Seismology*, appeals to us as conforming closely to this desideratum.

The volume, we are told, had its origin in a series of articles appearing in the *Geological Magazine* for 1921. Detailing the history of the founders of seismology, it presents a neat synopsis of the fundamentals of seismic lore. The period covered is from the middle of the eighteenth to the end of the nineteenth century. The earlier date has been chosen as marking the birth of seismology, on the basis that, from this time on, those who studied earthquakes drew their illustrations from contemporary records instead of from the writings of Aristotle, Seneca and Pliny; the end of the nineteenth century has been chosen as identified with the transition of seismology from a purely qualitative to a quantitative science.

Four chapters are appended not included within these limits, three covering the researches of Count de Montessus de Ballore, Milne and Omori, the fourth descriptive of the foundation of the Seismological Society of America.

The book is commendable for its wealth of information. Particularly attractive are the chapters outlining the development on the periodicity of earthquakes, the transmission of the elastic waves, the determination of earthquake centres and the depth of the focal point of disturbance in the crust, and the distribution of earth tremors in space and time.

It is to be regretted that not more space has been allotted the description of the various seismographs. We are inclined to the belief that this will occasion the reader no little disappointment. Such men as Rood and Toepler might have been mentioned in this connection, for they have contributed materially toward eliminating the principal defect of an ordinary or free horizontal pendulum in its tendency to take up its own period of oscillation, so falsifying the true autograph of the earth's vibrations.

It would be unjust even to suspect that, in the dating of the birth of seismology (above referred to) at the period when those who studied earthquakes drew their illustrations from contemporary records and no longer from the writings of Aristotle, Seneca and Pliny, there is implied any reflection on these master intellects. And it should be added that equity bids that tribute be paid not only these philosophers and this historian, but likewise to the long list of co-workers who, though not privileged to be witnesses of the birth of this latest progeny of science, gave to its parentage liberally of their knowledge. Many, I am confident, would welcome its prenatal story no less than they do the narrative of its highly interesting later development, which is herewith reviewed.

FRANCIS A. TONDORF.

*In the Heart of Spain, by Thomas Ewing Moore. New York: Universal Knowledge Foundation. \$3.00.*

*Mornings in Mexico, by D. H. Lawrence. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$2.50.*

*The Italy of the Italians, by E. R. P. Vincent. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$5.00.*

IT IS evident that Thomas Ewing Moore has gone deep in the heart of Spain, and at the core of his affection is the sense that the typical and most Spanish part of Spain as it exists today is Andalusia, the province of Ronda, Sevilla and Granada. The most enthusiastic pages of his book are given to Sevilla—la Perla—where he has made himself at home with its daily life, its religious spirit and its lovely, florid arts. There is an air of authority and a fulness of judgment that make Mr. Moore's book of particular value in these days



when the marked lacunae in Spanish studies are being so industriously filled up by repetitive scribes and hasty philosophizings lacking any adequate sense of the profundity and stability of Spanish life and letters. A word must also be given in praise of the illustrations of *In the Heart of Spain*; they are, for the most part, highly unusual, and constitute valuable ornaments of a very excellent book. Altogether, one would be well advised to read *In the Heart of Spain*.

*Mornings in Mexico* reveals the strong personal qualities of its author, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, the well-known English novelist. We take to Rome what we see there, and in the gestures of our marionettes there is always something of our own stoop or strut. Mr. Lawrence makes no pretense of general study of Mexico or its conditions; he confines himself to his easy chair, his parrots, his promenades through the market-places, church fiestas, and theatres. He is delightfully personal and limited and nonchalantly self-satisfied. The book was easy to write, and is not hard to read for those who share in any degree the facile irresponsibility which is characteristic of the author.

Another Englishman, Mr. E. R. P. Vincent, inducts us into *The Italy of the Italians*, with the explanation that "Fascismo is an external force, a new leaven inspiring the Italian loaf. Bread is always bread though bakers change, taking off our hats in respectful admiration, and wishing good fortune in his tremendous task to Benito Mussolini."

Cremona and its fiddles, Venice and its gondolas, a silly chapter, *The Nymph Behind the Altar* (who seems to materialize in Lucretia Borgia, about whose real history the author appears to know nothing); Bologna, Naples, Sienna, Florence and Rome are here, and all the spots where there are such excellent pensions, and we are not even spared the grave of Keats. One skims lightly over a frothy account of ancient Popes and prelates, to a more animated study of the Risorgimento; the surrender to the bourgeois is inevitable in this middle-class English tourist's notebook.

THOMAS WALSH.

*The Story of a Wonder Man, Being the Autobiography of Ring Lardner. Illustrated by Margaret Freeman. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.75.*

THIS new volume by Ring Lardner is a blatant burlesque of some modern autobiographical writing. It first appeared in syndicated articles in the papers and these have been cut down and worked together into the present book. It has a mad, zany humor, that turns history to its service in a topsy-turvy manner. According to its record, Lardner died from being struck with an infuriated hake. The autobiography is edited by his secretary, Sarah E. Spooldripper. According to the narrative, at an early age, Lardner was bathed in straight alcohol, and danced with Dolly Madison at an inaugural ball in Seattle. This was an event that even Mr. Addison Sims fails to recall. "Before the second encore, I was calling my partner 'Dolly' and she was calling me 'Lard' and that night marked the beginning of a friendship that soon ripened into apathy." It is all very much like that, only once in a while the humor is forced. Behind the fun there is a certain amount of shrewd observation of folly and the force of his blunt satire. The occasional castigations might even be called contributions to social criticism. Yet, for all its uproarious humor, it isn't much of a book for one of the most mature and perceptive writers of the American scene to claim.

EDWIN CLARK.

By a Nobel Prize Winner

## The Promised Land

By LADISLAS REYMONT

Unique in Poland was Lodz of the last century, a vast melting-pot of heterogeneous elements wherein Jew and German and Pole struggled one against another to escape starvation. In this hell kitchen worked and struggled and starved Ladislav Reymont, soon to startle Europe into recognition of his genius with *The Peasants*. In *The Promised Land*, the complement of that great work, he has drawn this Lodz in all its harshness, and against its background he has shown the torment and the degradation of the peasant, sucked into its insatiable maw, food for its pitiless machines.

Two volumes boxed, \$5.00

AT ALL BOOKSHOPS

In Canada, from The Macmillan Company of Canada, Ltd.,  
St. Martin's House, Toronto

Alfred A. Knopf

PUBLISHER



NEW YORK

By the Author of

*"Troubadours of Paradise"*

## Certitudes

By SISTER M. ELEANORE

A book of charming and distinctive essays including three well thought out papers on modern poetry and a keen discussion of the modern novel, as well as essays on current topics of general concern. Sister Eleanore is a penetrating analyst with a literary background that gives her authority for her excellent critical writing. \$1.50

## Penelope AND OTHER POEMS

By SISTER M. MADELEVA

A new collection of verse by one of the leading poets in the country. \$1.25

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY

35 West 32nd Street

New York City

*Memoirs of Catherine the Great, translated by Katharine Anthony. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.*

AFTER having given us in her history of Catherine II one of the best works published outside of Russia on the wonderful Empress who had proved herself such a worthy successor to Peter the Great, Miss Anthony has now completed her studies on this extraordinary woman by translating her *Memoirs* into English.

These *Memoirs*, as Miss Anthony takes care to point out in her introduction, are not a complete autobiography. But they are the story of a remarkable individuality related as she wished it to be known. Catherine wrote for posterity, as indeed she did everything else. She posed before herself just as much as before others, and she continually tried to justify herself in her own eyes, with an almost sublime indifference to the opinions of the crowds. She loved human beings, and at the same time she despised humanity—which is not quite the paradox it sounds, when one studies her life and all the incidents and accidents that made it so memorable.

At the same time, the sketch which the future Empress of all the Russias condescends to trace of her early life and her first years at the Russian court is certainly a contribution to our knowledge of the customs, habits and manners of her times in general, and of Russia in particular. It is also a revelation of her own character and early ambitions, which she makes evidently unconsciously. It is a rather curious thing, for instance, to find that she tries to give the impression that, in the matter of her marriage with the Grand Duke Peter, she was more or less the victim of her family's ambition; apparently not realizing that, in her description of the negotiations which finally brought it about, she is demonstrating that she had all along hoped for such a solution to the difficulties of her life in the small German town where her parents resided. The respectability of the place bored her so completely that any change from its monotony would have been welcomed by her with eagerness and joy. Thus she relates how she told her mother that, if the latter really had been approached by the Russian court in regard to her (Catherine's) marriage with the nephew and heir of the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, such a proposition "ought not to be turned aside, for in the end it would be a great piece of good fortune."

That Catherine considered the alliance a piece of good fortune becomes more and more evident. "The nearer the time for it came," she writes, "the less could I avoid seeing that my marriage might be very unhappy. But I had too much pride and too much self-respect to make complaints or to let the world guess that I thought myself unloved. I regarded myself too highly to believe I could be despised." And again: "When I felt that I had gained a firm foothold in Russia, I . . . made the following resolution, which I have never lost sight of for one moment: (1) to please the Grand Duke; (2) to please the Empress; (3) to please the nation.

"I would have gladly fulfilled all three points, and if I was not successful, the reason was that the matter was not of such a nature or that Providence had not so decreed it. I confess that when I gave up hope with regard to the first point, I redoubled my efforts and strove all the more eagerly to fulfill the other two. More than once I have been successful in regard to the second; in the third, success was granted to me in the fullest sense, without any limitation at any time whatever. So I ventured to believe that I had reasonably carried out my purpose."

Concerning her husband she writes: "In the early days of our marriage . . . I said to myself, 'If you love this man you

will be the most unhappy creature on God's earth: that man scarcely takes any notice of you, and he comes near to paying more attention to every other woman than he does to you. You are too proud to complain about it: so take care, please, regarding any tenderness toward this gentleman. Think of yourself first, Madame.'"

One wonders whether Catherine as she wrote the above words was perhaps trying to justify herself for the tragedy of Ropscha.

The most interesting portion of the Empress's reminiscences is undoubtedly the fragment which she wrote describing events after her husband's death. Her account of the palace revolution that carried her to the throne is extremely curious in its display of callousness concerning the fate of the sovereign whom she had dethroned, and there is one remark which gives one a physical shudder. "As soon as the soldiers saw her (Catherine) the shouts of joy and jubilation began again: Peter was sent to his destination."

In regard to the Emperor's tragic death, it was a happy thought of Miss Anthony to add, as an appendix to Catherine's *Memoirs*, the letter which she wrote to one of her first lovers, Poniatonski, concerning the revolution in which she had taken such an active part, and the demise of Peter III. Here again we find the desire to defend herself from the accusation of having been concerned in the latter, and truth obliges us to say that she was probably innocent. But while the murder was accomplished without her knowledge or consent, the question still arises whether she did not feel grateful to those courageous enough to remove from her path the husband who undoubtedly would have imprisoned her had he remained alive and in possession of his throne.

Miss Anthony is to be congratulated on her excellent translation. Her book has been extremely well edited and compiled, and the printing and illustrations add to the attractiveness of a work that ought to find a place in the library of every student of history in general, and Russian history in particular.

CATHERINE RADZIWILL.

*Blue Voyage, by Conrad Aiken. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.*

*Chains, by Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni and Liveright. \$2.50.*

HERE are two books, the antipodes of each other, which yet can be bracketed together. They can be bracketed because many of the critics who have praised the one have also praised the other. In themselves, neither is of any particular importance—certainly Mr. Dreiser's volume of short stories is not—and yet, because of the reception they have been accorded, a consideration of them is not without value.

Mr. Aiken is, of course, an artist. Whatever is done by him is always well done, technically at least. He knows how to write, he has delicacy of appreciation and poetic feeling. All of these virtues he displays in *Blue Voyage*. His novel tells a simple story, or rather it tells no story at all. It deals with the feelings and thoughts, conscious but mostly subconscious, of a man who sails second-class for England in order to see a girl he loves, and finds her on his ship, first-class, and engaged to someone else.

*Blue Voyage* would never have been written—at least long passages would not—had it not been for James Joyce. The subconscious musings of Demarest stem straight from the Irish novelist. These passages are many, and they extend often for pages. They are, by their very nature, what, in the past, art was distinctly not, for they are free from both choice

and elimination. Mr. Joyce, in *Ulysses*, reduced the novel to utter lawlessness of form, and, in *Blue Voyage*, Mr. Aiken often follows suit. Whether he has done it sincerely is another matter, for when writing dissolves into anarchy there remains no touchstone by which to measure truth. All one can say in reading *Blue Voyage* is that Mr. Aiken has a sense of words, and, when he wishes to display it, a sense of character. And yet, more than one critic has already affirmed that *Blue Voyage* is an example of what the novel of the future is to be.

The odd thing is, however, that these very critics have waxed dithyrambic over the work of Theodore Dreiser, who writes like a third-rate novelist of the eighteen fifties, and whose ideas are those of the continental realists of the eighteen seventies. Granting that Dreiser has sincerity, pity and a certain primitive force, he is utterly imitative, and he is one of the most illiterate writers of the English language. The short stories in *Chains* are indeed to be preferred to his novels, because they are at least shorter. They can be read at a sitting, though, unless we skip voluminously, the sittings to most of us will prove hard enough. Yet Mr. Dreiser, too, has been proclaimed the novelist of the future!

Apparently whatever violates traditional standards is the thing. Be esoteric or be merely clumsy—either is a stick to belabor the bourgeois! Anyone can understand the stories in *Chains*, if he can force himself to read them, while very few will be able to understand the soliloquies of *Blue Voyage*. Only, what difference does it make? Each in its own way violates the accepted canons of literary art. And this, to many critics, is the consummation to be wished!

GRENVILLE VERNON.

*Martial and the Modern Epigram*, by Paul Nixon. \$2.00; *Apuleius and His Influence*, by Elizabeth Hazelton Haight. \$1.75; *Stage Antiquities of the Greeks and Romans and Their Influence*, by James Turney Allen. \$2.00. New York: Longmans, Green and Company.

WHETHER the effort to gain a wider reading for the classics through the use of translations will ever prove successful is a question about which experience casts no glow of optimism. But thanks to greater intelligence in the teaching of Latin and Greek authors, one is really justified in feeling that there are a relatively large number of people who care to read "about" the classics, provided the task assumes the semblance of pleasure. A great number of the volumes included in the *Our Debt to Greece and Rome* series meet this requirement perfectly. They are, barring exceptions, scholarly and yet human.

Dr. Paul Nixon's introduction to *Martial* is a delightful book. Setting out with the promise that it will make clear what an epigram really is, it adduces a wealth of fascinating illustrations, and informally but thoroughly discusses *Martial*. Perhaps the point of view is a bit too laudatory, but opposing verdicts are given a fairly cordial hearing. It is easy for Dr. Nixon to prove that his poet had a rather difficult time of it; that he was superior in moral character to most men of his time; that, within his chosen field, he was genuinely an artist; and that his influence upon later poets has been more than appreciable. The book is genially and pointedly written, so that even a stranger to the classics will find it an intriguing companion.

Dr. Haight's subject is an exceptionally interesting one, but her book is both over-written and a trifle surfacey. Doubtless she had great difficulty in compressing the material into the

### St. Ursula of the Blessed Virgin

On the Hudson

ACADEMY FOR GIRLS

KINGSTON, N. Y.

Boarders and Day Pupils

Apply to MOTHER SUPERIOR

### A SCHOOL FOR GIRLS

#### OAK KNOLL School of the Holy Child

AN ELEMENTARY and COLLEGE PREPARATORY SCHOOL

SUMMIT, N. J.

Resident and Day Pupils

Campus of 12 Acres on One of Summit's Highest Points

Rosemont College at Rosemont, Pa., St. Frideswide's at Oxford and finishing schools in Paris, Rome and Freiburg, are also under the supervision of the Sisters of the Holy Child Jesus.

44 Blackburn Road, Phone Summit 1804

## ACADEMY OF OUR LADY

95th and Throop Streets, LONGWOOD, CHICAGO, ILL.

Accredited Boarding and Day School for Girls

Conducted by the Sisters of Notre Dame

ACADEMIC COURSE—Prepares for College or Normal Entrance

MUSIC—Conservatory Methods in Piano, Violin and Vocal

ART—Special Advantages. Three Studios Open to

Visitors at All Times. Graded Courses in Both

Music and Art Departments Lead to Teachers' Certificates and Diplomas

## MOUNT ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE

DUBUQUE, IOWA

Under the direction of the Sisters of Charity, B.V.M.

A standard College of Arts and Sciences for the Education of young women. Holds membership in the Catholic Educational Association, the Association of American Colleges and the North Central Association. Its degrees admit students to the Graduate Schools of all the greater Universities. Approved for Teachers' Certificates by the Iowa State Board of Education and by the University of the State of New York.

COLLEGE: Four-year Courses leading to Baccalaureate degrees.

CONSERVATORIES of MUSIC and ART: Diploma Courses. Supervisors and Teachers' Courses.

HOME ECONOMICS: Cooking. Sewing. Household Arts.

COMMERCIAL and SECRETARIAL COURSES. PHYSICAL TRAINING.

Ideal location. Sixty-acre Campus. Pineries. Thorough Modern Equipment

Address: OFFICE OF THE DEAN

### One Macmillan Book a Week

## THE CATHOLIC ANTHOLOGY

Compiled by THOMAS WALSH

First work in any language to gather examples of poetry expressive of the soul of Catholicity out of every age and every land in Christian History. Without a rival for completeness and diversification. A handsome piece of book making.

Octavo, 550 pp. \$2.50.

At Your Bookstore or from

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue

New York, N. Y.

form required by the series. Her grip on modern scholarship is comprehensive and sure, her snapshots of conditions are illuminating, and the illustrations selected to enhance the volume are remarkably good. It is, however, not well to get rid of Apuleius as a magician and a philosopher quite so casually as Dr. Haight does. She quotes Walter Pater as a discerning critic of Apuleius's style. One would like to add that he also supplies a deeper and therefore more real understanding of the versatile Carthaginian than the present author does. These criticisms having been stated, it remains to be said that Dr. Haight's treatment has no rival in English, and ought to find many interested readers.

A volume on stage antiquities, written in such a manner as to be serviceable to the general reader, has long been needed in English. Books like Dr. Allen's Greek Theatre have afforded only partial glimpses of a vast subject. His present compact little book deals illuminatingly with essentials, and, despite a certain tendency to lecture at one, is attractively written. The discussion of properties, scenes, mechanical devices, costumes and actors is particularly helpful. Roman theatres are viewed as modifications of the Greek stage. An introductory chapter presents a succinct account of the development of drama; a final chapter outlines the major influences upon modern play-making. All things considered, Dr. Allen's comprehensive, well illustrated little book is one of the best in the series. Attention should be called to the fact that Longmans, Green and Company are now the publishers of *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

*Aurelius Smith, Detective*, by R. T. M. Scott. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$2.00.

DETECTIVES repeat themselves. The probable number of detective plots in the world may be reduced to one, with an extra half thrown in, to signify those of rarer quality which work from the inside looking out. So what can a poor detective do? The birth of Sherlock Holmes settled him in his mold for all time. He may vary the angle of his derby, the color of his moustache, the brand of his tobacco, but fundamentally he never changes. Just so, Aurelius Smith, whose "master mind" in the unraveling of the intricacies of crime, needs no introduction to the devotees of his art.

In this collection of stories, Aurelius Smith disposes of a long count of desperate criminals, their trails reaching from mid-ocean to the nefarious alleys of lower Manhattan and to the deserted reaches (always in zero weather) of the upper Hudson. We have to do, or fortunately for us, Aurelius Smith has to do, with jewel thieves and monomaniac doctors, with the human eels that are crooks, with assassins, mostly red-handed. Aurelius Smith is always on the spot, surmounting every obstacle. Once he even did a bit of a favor for H. R. H., Edward of Wales—all in the high Roman fashion.

He uses hypnotism, ventriloquism, sleight of hand, "a quick wit, a keen power of observation, a knowledge of 1925 and common sense." The lay reader relies particularly on his briar-pipe and old blue dressing-gown.

These stories were easily written probably, and are easily read. They present a melodramatic slice of life with a practiced hand, a too practiced hand, perhaps; or else our faith in Aurelius Smith remains too unshaken. There is no palpitation of suspense. Inch by inch, reel by reel, chapter by chapter, the race is always to the virtuous!

MARTHA BAYARD.

## BRIEFER MENTION

*The Red Road: A Romance of Braddock's Defeat*, by Hugh Pendexter. Indianapolis: the Bobbs-Merrill Company. \$2.00.

THE child's world is filled with new things; hence the thrill of recognition comes rarely, and has a poignant charm. The Red Road will make its appeal to young people to whom Washington, Braddock, Pontiac, Franklin, have been merely names out of history lessons. Black Brond, the storyteller, brings us into contact with persons of note, Indian war-whooping, woodcraft, brutal hand-to-hand fighting, clever eluding of enemy scouts, while his own heart is trapped by a small elf-like woman whom he has rescued from a witch-mad mob. The tale is told much as such things take place—a sudden stirring of resentment, a hopeful spurt of energy, a brave encounter, an advance or retreat a step or two at a time. And just because text-book history spreads out the whole map and explains it all at once, it is good for us to get humanized accounts of great events through the medium of the story-teller.

*Things Seen in Canada*, by J. E. Ray. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

THIS new supplement to the series of Things Seen in various countries comes at a favorable moment for the tourist preparing to visit the northern lands of Canada, for the sportsman polishing up his guns and fishing trap, and the romantic-minded pilgrim girding himself for the paths and byways of the old pioneer and voyageur. Mr. Ray is a capable guide, brief and intelligent on the main points of interest in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, Ontario and Quebec: he is respectful in his attitude toward the Catholic traditions of the French settlers and avoids controversies and local jealousies with a deftness that will secure him a welcome from all corners of the Canadian provinces.

*The House with the Green Shutters*, by George Douglas Brown. New York: Modern Library, Incorporated. \$0.95.

A MODERN LIBRARY reprint of George Douglas Brown's strong but dour novel of life in a small Scottish town places the work of this eccentric realist within the reach of all. Whether or not the influence of Balzac had a great effect upon its composition, the characters and the author's attitude toward them do remind one powerfully of some portions of the *Comédie Humaine*. The boorish John Gourlay is "quest for power" incarnate. Life has its way with him, in the end, however; and the series of lesser individuals who serve as the agents of this life are sometimes grotesque, sometimes appealing, but always able to attract and, what is more difficult, to hold the reader's attention.

*Omar Khayyam*, by T. H. Weir. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. \$1.50.

THE fascination which Edward Fitzgerald cast over the name and poetry of Omar the tentmaker still abides in this little study of him and his work by Dr. T. H. Weir. Fitzgerald, Whinfield and John Payne have handled the Persian strophes with such a freedom of art and loving complaisance of interpretation that it would be hard to resurrect the real skull and bones of Omar for an anatomical discussion. The references to Avicenna, Abu'l-Ala and Al-Tughrai are helpful to the student, and give warrant to Dr. Weir's interpretation of the poet's life and the purposes of his songs.

## THE QUIET CORNER

"I counsel thee, shut not thy heart nor thy library."—C. LAMB.

There is an interesting chapter in Spanish history that is concerned with the rise to power of the eighteenth-century statesman who later became Cardinal Alberoni. A recent work—The Princess des Ursins, by Maude Cruttwell—tells us how the little abbé acted on his profound conviction that all men could be won through their stomachs, and like a true son of Italy inaugurated his brilliant and checkered career:

"The Queen of Spain was Italian, and loved the food of her country. The Princess, more than half Italian, loved it also. She drank nothing but Italian wines and adored Parmesan cheese and macaroni. Alberoni wrote to Parma for sausages, cheeses, truffles and a special wine called Lambrusco, much appreciated by the Princess, and sent to the royal table, and that of the Camarera mayor, Italian dishes cooked under his own eye. Besides this, he invited to his house all who were in favor and likely to be useful, and his macaroni suppers became the rage. The ministers and grandees were amused by the good-natured abbé, and considered him of so little importance that they discussed state matters openly at his table, little suspecting that after their departure he sat down in his cabinet and wrote all he had heard to the Duke of Parma, his master."

"The undeniable effervescence of mind that I have noted after Italian wines and cheeses, my dear Hereticus—would you attribute it to Pietro's vino di pranzo or to Rosalia's spiced cheeses?" asked Doctor Angelicus, glancing up from the book.

"It was fortunate the other evening," interposed Britannicus, "that there were no affairs of state for our secret diplomacy; but I did detect the head-waiter turning away some visitors who presented themselves without cards, and keeping a stealthy watch upon all who entered the restaurant. Perhaps we still have our Alberonis in America."

"In Memoirs of a Poor Relation, written by Marietta Minnegerode Andrews (E. P. Dutton and Company) we find a paragraph that throws an amusing light upon the piety as well as the art-limitations of those dear old Irish girls who used to come in such large numbers from Ireland in the famine days, and whose gate of welcome was usually into the basement and the kitchen, where they labored so strenuously and well that they have left behind them a glory, which, Ichabod! has vanished from our new century. Patrick, the coachman, and Bridget, the cook, the honored and beloved old servants of yore, have gone to their high reward. I should greatly appreciate if anybody would find for me one of the old pictures of Saint Peter, to which Mrs. Andrews refers in her interesting and amusing book: it would hang in an honored place among my Italian etchings, old English plates and engravings, and I should look upon Mrs. Andrews's painting with the eyes of a connoisseur from behind the blue spectacles of a tender retrospect. My friends," the Doctor's eyes had a moist lustre, "go forth: thumb the dusty prints in the shops of Fourth Avenue, in the discarded frames of the old furniture-dealers, in the back hallways of furnished-room houses; go forth, I say, and find me at any price one of these paintings by Marietta Minnegerode Andrews."

"Doctor," interrupted Miss Amanuensa, "what is all this about? Read us the extract that has moved you so!"

"Oh," exclaimed the Doctor, "Mrs. Andrews writes that: 'Relatives who were in society (mysterious term) bought dinner-cards from me, and when conversation flagged at their dull and deadly dinners, my dinner-cards and my personal history

## SETON HILL

A Standard Catholic College for Women

43 Minutes from Pittsburgh

GREENSBURG, PA.

## ACADEMY of the SACRED HEARTS

FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Boarding and Day School for Girls

Affiliated with the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

Conducted by the Religious of the Holy Union of the Sacred Hearts

ROME

These Religious also conduct an Establishment in Rome. A large estate beautifully situated on the Via Salaria. Excellent advantage in Modern Languages, Music and Art.

Ladies visiting Rome can be conveniently accommodated. Board and meals moderate.

For further information communicate with the

REVEREND MOTHER, 466 Prospect Street, Fall River, Mass.

## ST. XAVIER COLLEGE

For Women

4928 COTTAGE GROVE AVENUE, CHICAGO, ILL.

Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy

Liberal Arts Course, Pre-Medical, Music, Art

Teachers' Promotional Credit Classes

Autumn, Winter, and Spring Quarters

Send for Announcement

## REGIS COLLEGE

WESTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A Resident and Day College for the  
Higher Education of Women

Conducted by the Sisters of Saint Joseph, incorporated under the laws of the State of Massachusetts with power to confer the degrees for undergraduate work; that is, Bachelor of Arts, Bachelor of Letters, and Bachelor of Science.

For bulletin address:

THE REGISTRAR OF REGIS COLLEGE

## Steps, Steps, Steps—

Over 18,000 a day.  
Each one a torture  
To corn and callouse  
And a pang to arches  
And nerves—but say!

Stop, stop, stop—  
It's time to reform.  
The authorities all claim  
That the right shoe to wear,  
Full of style, full  
Of health—it's PEDIFORME.

Regardless of the nature of  
your foot troubles, "PEDI-  
FORME" shoes will aid you  
to regain normalcy. Write for  
our FREE Style Book K that  
tells you how to overcome foot  
ills in the natural way.

## THE PEDIFORME SHOE CO.

36 W. 36th St.  
New York

29 Washington Pl.  
East Orange, N. J.

322 Livingston St.  
Brooklyn



**URSULINE ACADEMY**

Grand Concourse (East 165th Street), New York City  
**PRIVATE SCHOOL FOR GIRLS**  
 Resident and Day Pupils  
 Boys admitted to the Elementary Departments  
*Chartered by the University of the State of New York*

**MELROSE ACADEMY**

*School for Girls*  
 Students prepared for COLLEGE ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS  
 Music, French, Art, Vocal Expression, Physical Culture. Small classes,  
 Melrose Park a beautiful suburb of Philadelphia. 30 acre campus. All out-  
 door sports. Standard hockey field.  
**Term begins September 20**  
*Conducted by the Grey Nuns of the Sacred Heart*

**MCCARTHY & SIMON INC**

7-9 WEST 36th STREET  
 JUST OFF FIFTH AVENUE  
*New York*  
 Caps—Gowns—Hoods  
 School and College Uniforms and Gym Apparel  
**Quality Apparel—Specialized Service—Moderate Prices**  
*Samples on Request*

**St. Hilda Guild, Inc.**

CHURCH VESTMENTS, ALTAR LINEN  
 Ecclesiastical Embroidery  
*Conferences with reference to the adornment  
 of churches*  
 Old Embroidery Transferred  
 131 EAST 47th STREET NEW YORK  
*Vanderbilt 8761*

**PIUS X. SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC**  
 COLLEGE OF THE SACRED HEART, NEW YORK  
**AUTUMN SESSION OPENS MONDAY, SEPT. 26**

**COURSES OFFERED**  
 Justine Ward Method of Teaching Music, I, II, III, IV  
 Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment, according to Solesmes  
 Choir Conducting and Training of Choirs—Harmony  
 EACH COURSE 32 HOURS—2 COLLEGE CREDITS  
 Provisional Certificate and Teacher's Diploma awarded  
 Lessons in Vocal Production, Organ, Violin, and Piano, privately and in Class  
 Classes from 4 to 6 p. m.—Saturdays, morning and afternoon  
*For further information address Telephone Edgcombe 2272*  
 The Secretary, 133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y.

**BURR PRINTING HOUSE**

FOUNDED 1837

FRANKFORT AND JACOB STREETS  
 NEW YORK, N. Y.

CATALOGUES, MAGAZINES, BOOKS  
 AND COMMERCIAL PRINTING

would serve to stimulate cerebral processes, flagging under over-feeding. . . . Cousin Lizzie's suggestion also; as regarded Saint Peter, brought me many a dollar, though it cost me many a tear. She said that a great many of her friends had Catholic cooks who were crazy to have portraits of Saint Peter with the keys of heaven. That if I would get a penny print of some old master's portrayal of Saint Peter, enlarge it in full color, and sell the results for \$2.00 each, she, Cousin Lizzie, would see that they were sold. "Special offer, portrait of Saint Peter!" This was pot-boiling of the most degrading kind, and if my pupils had known that I did it, I would have felt my authority and influence at an end—I preached so about ideals, and sacrifice, and ranted against commercialism in art. Yet I could not afford to be squeamish, it was up to me to say one thing and do another—the old, old warfare. There were many devout cooks for whom I ground out the Saint Peters, and Cousin Lizzie raked in the two dollarses for a long, long time until that field was exhausted."

—THE LIBRARIAN.

**CONTRIBUTORS**

SIR BERTRAM C. A. WINDLE, professor of anthropology in Saint Michael's College, Toronto, is the author of *A Century of Scientific Thought, The Church and Science, and The Romans in Britain.*

FRANCES TAYLOR PATTERSON is an instructor in photoplay composition in Columbia University, and the author of *Cinema Craftsmanship and Scenario and Screen.*

REV. FRANCIS P. DONNELLY, S.J., is the author of several devotional treatises and a book on *Art Principles in Literature.*

DOROTHY FRANCES GURNEY is an English poet.

REV. JOHN J. CONSIDINE is an official of the *Agentia Fides*, the newly established Roman news service for the diffusion of mission information.

JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., is the author of *The Popes and Science, and The Thirteenth the Greatest of Centuries.*

MARGARET WIDDEMER, poet and novelist, is the author of *The Old Road to Paradise, and Cross Currents.*

RAYMOND KRESENSKY is a Chicago poet.

EDITH CHERRINGTON is a new contributor to *The Commonwealth.*

GLENN WARD DRESBACH is the author of *The Road to Everywhere, In the Path of the Wind, In Colors of the West, and Enchanted Mesa.*

L. M. MONTGOMERY is a contemporary poet.

EDWARD H. PFRIFFER, formerly of Santa Clara University, California, was a joint editor of the anthology of *Current Catholic Verse.*

BROTHER LEO is a professor of English in Saint Mary's College, Oakland, California, and the author of *Religion in the Teaching of Literature.*

REV. FRANCIS A. TONDORF, S.J., is head of the seismological observatory of Georgetown University.

EDWIN CLARK is a critic and reviewer for New York periodicals.

PRINCESS CATHERINE RADZIWILL, of Russia, is the author of *They Knew the Washingtons.*

GRENVILLE VERNON is a critic of music and opera, associated with the *Dial Press.*

AMBROSE FARLEY is a translator and teacher of classical poetry.

MARTHA BAYARD is a general critic and reviewer for the American press.

**MARY'S MANOR**

Formerly "PINE BANK" Estate

MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A Select Boarding School for Young Ladies  
 Full High School Course. Two-Year Post-Graduate Course  
 exclusively in French.

Address: Rev. Mother, P. O. READVILLE, Mass.

**ACADEMY OF THE ASSUMPTION**

WELLESLEY HILLS, MASSACHUSETTS

Boarding and Day School for Girls

General, College Preparatory and Secretarial Courses offered. Special Courses in Music, Art, Foreign Languages and Expression. Junior and Intermediate Departments make provision for work preparatory to High School. Extensive grounds for outdoor recreation. Tennis, basketball, horseback riding, tobogganing, skating.

**ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY for Boys**

from five to fourteen years is under the same management. Competent instructors in Military Drill, Athletics and Horseback Riding. For catalogue apply to SISTER SUPERIOR.